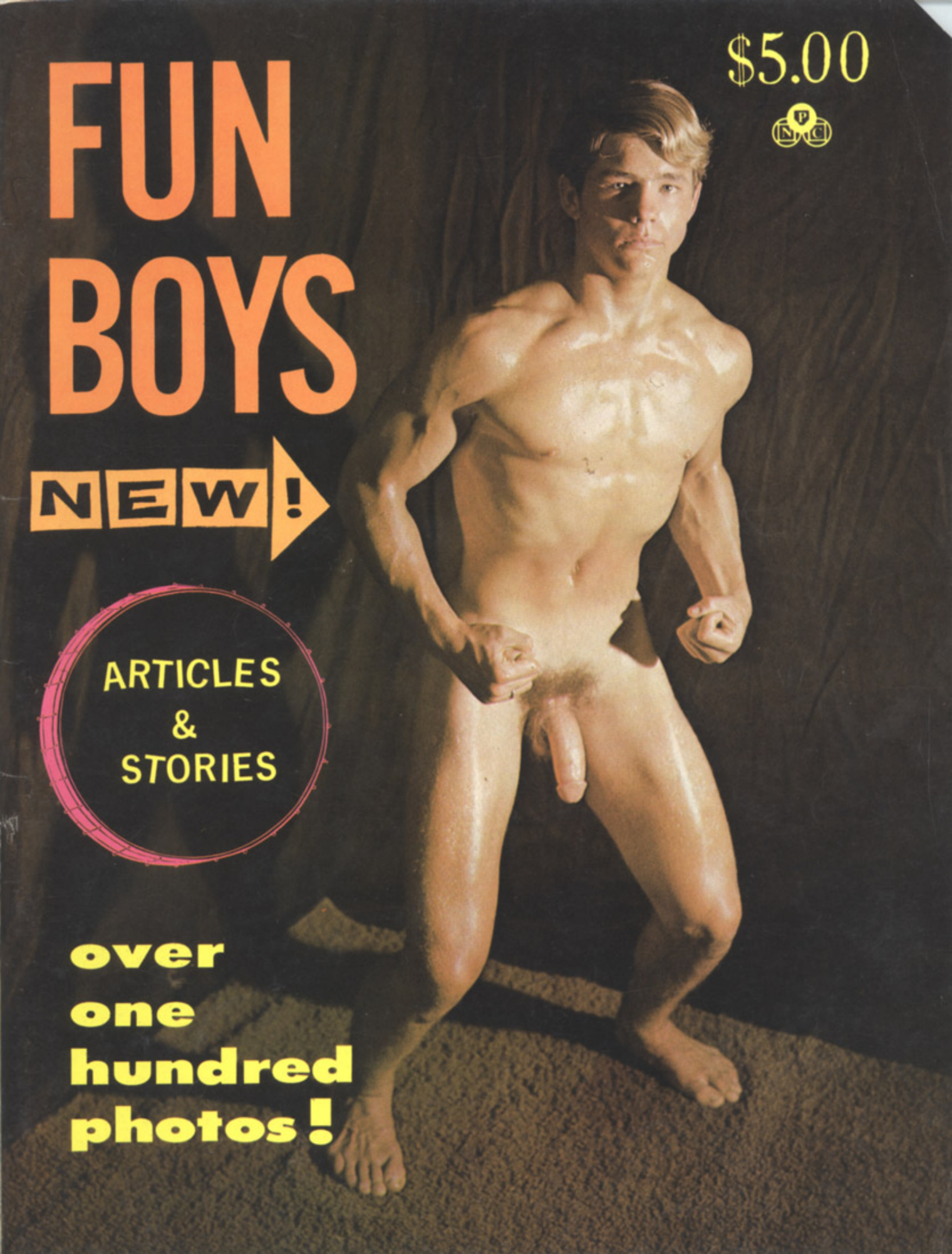
FUN
BOYS
NEW!
ARTICLES
&
STORIES
over
one
hundred
photos!
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THE HANG-UP

The handsome youth lay under the single blanket and his hand reached down for his cock once more. He could feel the hardon as his prick began to swell. His body was warm and the heat from his hand, as it enfolded the stiff prick, only made the cock swell that much more.

Bud cursed himself for getting into such a predicament — in fact, it was much too late to do anything about it, all the decisions had been made. He had already resigned himself — moving his hand gently up and down the stiff rod, he managed to massage it once more. This was the third time today!

The youth's mind returned to Marianne. She had been so beautiful, so pure, that when she finally consented to go to bed with him, he felt then, that it had been worth all that waiting.

With his passions aroused again, the youth worked his fist more vigorously. His eyes closed, and he could remember every feature of Marianne's face—the beautiful blue eyes, the small upturned nose, the rosebud lips. Once again the softness of her thighs and the flat stomach excited him so, that he continued stroking his erect organ. This time the thump-thumping continued relentlessly. He would not stop, as he had done with Marianne. His hand continued the staccato rhythm while he thought of Marianne and

how she had protested when he had urged her to go down on him. She said that she didn't want to, but he eventually assured her that *everyone did it*. "It's normal love!" he had whispered to her, encouraging her to try it.

The youth continued the beating movement with his hand, as his heart pounded more furiously and his breathing became more labored. *Thump-thump-*

thump, his hand worked faster as the only sound that could be heard was the squeaking of the springs.

"Oh, Marianne . . ." he thought to himself, not daring to mention the name out loud. He knew that no one would hear him, but still, he dared not mention the name; it was so sacred to him.

Once more his body became alive as he could feel the tingling sensation deep within his loins, exactly as it had felt that day with Marianne. His muscles tightened and his whole body trembled as it remained rigid. He knew that he was about to reach a climax. Bud bit his lip, trying to hold back that inescapable moan, but he knew that it would be futile, for he would cry. He wanted Marianne more than anything else in the world. She had come to see him and to meet with him in secret every day. Those moments with her had been sheer ecstasy. Finally, when she gave in to him, it had been the culmination of his wildest dreams.

The explosion came, while a thousand rays shot in every direction, multiplying into a million tiny bursts of brilliant hues. Bud raised his hips and felt the hot sperm as it shot into his hand, covering it with the thick fluid.

"Bud?" It was the chaplain's voice at the door. The steel door opened and the man in black entered. He sat down. "Are you willing to repent for your sins before you die? Admit your sins to God, ask Him for mercy for killing the warden's eight-year-old daughter, Marianne."

CALL BOYS

The 'call boy' service exists in about every major city of the world today. It is, indeed, not publicized, but, just the same, it is there and one only has to seek it out to find it. The easiest way to find it, of course is to obtain a copy of the famous *International Guild Guide* to the gay bars of the world. It is a publication which is released each year, listing the homosexual bars throughout the world. Once a patron is accepted at one of these places, it is easy to find the youths who are on call, selling their bodies to men. They are available for an hour, a night, a week, or longer, and *they have set fees!* They are exactly like their female counterparts, only they are equipped differently! Their ages range from about fourteen on up. This does not infer that these youths frequent these bars, but as previously stated, once the client is 'accepted' will they find these youngsters. Some of them do it openly on the streets, but those who are worth their fees are usually introduced through friends or through their agents.

Recently, one newspaper reported that a "school for homosexuals" had been closed when the sheriff raided a small hotel in a small town of some 3,500 inhabitants and found an organized ring in operation!

Several years ago the same condition was exposed when the district attorney of Boise, Idaho began an investigation of homosexuality in that community. Much to his chargin, the persons who eventually became involved touched many prominent families in that area. The investigation prompted the book *Boys of Boise* to be written.

Recent movies depicted such persons; one which comes to mind almost immediately is *"Midnight Cowboy"* whose body is for hire, though he had intended to sell it to women, he finds more male clients than female!

Common hustlers peddle their wares in public toilets, bars, subways, bus stations, train stations, hotel lobbies, and anywhere they are likely to find willing transients. Their prices range anywhere from a "place to sleep and clean up" to $50 a night. Many of them, like the youth in *Midnight Cowboy,* finally assault their benefactors and rob them.

However, this is more the exception than the rule.

WHAT DO THEY DO?

Most of these hustlers are prone to admit, "I'm only doing this for the money." Which is supposed to absolve them of any aberrations of their own. The money makes them '*normal*'. However, money or not, they are most likely to participate in any type of sex that their partners desire. These include fellatio, anilingus, sodomy of any type, mutual masturbation, or all of them combined! Depending, of course, on the situation and the partner!

Today's youth are more blatant and forward than were the youths a few years back. They proposition openly on the streets, expressing their prices and their preferences without regard for anyone within earshot hearing them! They even go so far as to advertise in the underground newspapers for sex-partners!

A few of these advertisements are printed herein in their entirety:

STUDMASTER WANTS SLAVE HOUSE-BOY. Send photo, am in town on weekends.

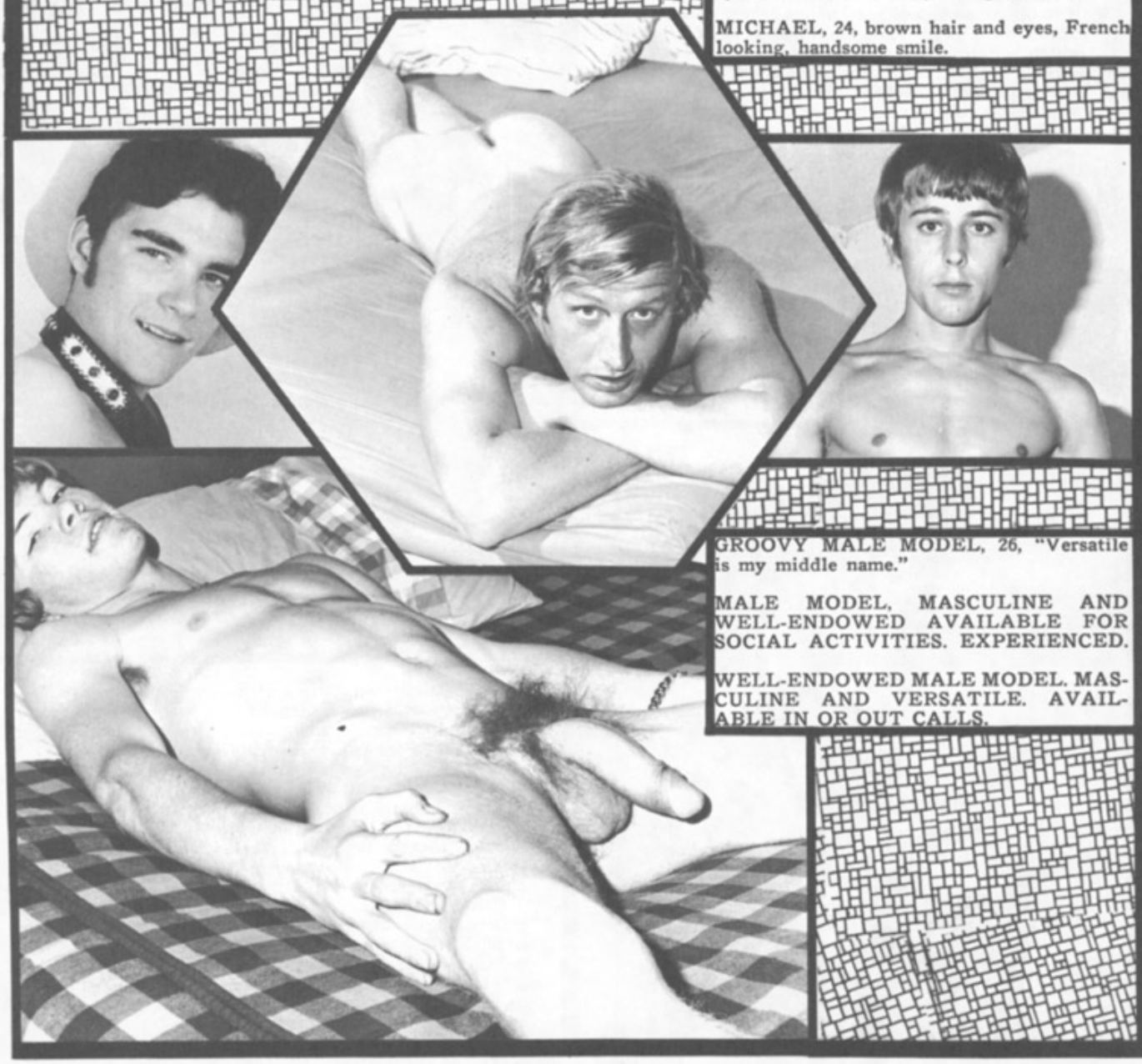
GAY, VERSATILE. Young, hung, seeks same for fun, tired of pounding the pave-ments & Bars.

FRENCH TRAINED houseboy, tall, seeks boss 40's to 60's.

MASCULINE MALE — aggressive, versa-tile, butch, good-looking, available evenings and weekends.

GLYNNE, 22 Negro-Puerto Rican, Brown eyes, brown hair, wirey, hung, versatile.

MICHAEL, 24, brown hair and eyes, French looking, handsome smile.



GROOVY MALE MODEL, 26, "Versatile is my middle name."

MALE MODEL, MASCULINE AND WELL-ENDOWED AVAILABLE FOR SOCIAL ACTIVITIES. EXPERIENCED.

WELL-ENDOWED MALE MODEL. MAS-CULINE AND VERSATILE. AVAIL-ABLE IN OR OUT CALLS.

These, of course, are just a few of the hundreds of ads that are run daily. Some refer to the vernacular understood by those who are hip to such activities.

"French trained" means, of course, they are experienced in oral copulation.

"Greek trained" refers to their talents in the anal region.

Some of the more blatant ads are listed below.

HANDSOME, Masculine, blond youth, 20, 6 feet, 170 lbs. Looking for mature male of means, who enjoys the stimulating company of an energetic youth. Would like to meet one who enjoys fun-loving companion for the weekend or evening jaunts. Travel anywhere.

WANTED: A firm, muscular or lithe, versatile male, 18 or over, who wants a trustworthy honest male who craves male affection.

GOOD LOOKING young man will give healthful, relaxing massage in the privacy of your own home. Absolute discretion and satisfaction guaranteed. Send photo.

YOUNG MAN desires position in respectable bachelor home as a personal valet. Someone who is lonely and tired of living alone, who needs a loyal and truly understanding friendship. Am very affectionate and enjoy the company of others.

SWINGER, early 20's, available to men in their early 50's, Greek trained. Guaranteed to satisfy.

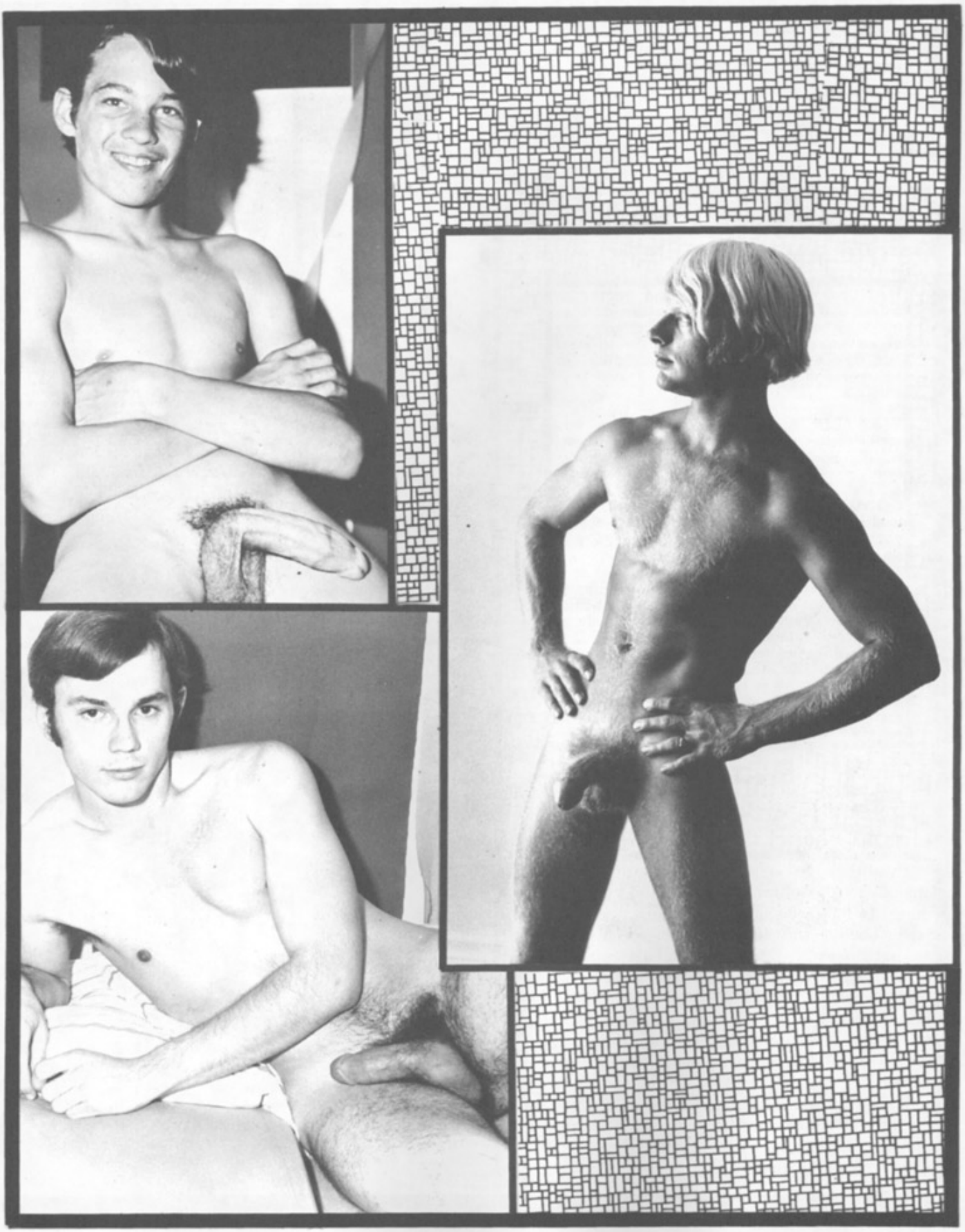
Thus they go, *ad-infinitum*, youths who are anxious to please, for a price. Willing to do anything, for a price, and eventually, they themselves become the clients.

That time-worn, gay phrase "This year's trade is next year's competition" is true, indeed.

However, no one forces these youths into this life, for them, it is the easiest way out. Arriving in a strange city, broke, without a job, they usually head for the nearest spot to pick up a score.

The *Midnight Cowboy*, however, summed it up aptly after beating up the man who picked him up. "There must be some easier way to make a living than hustling."

There is . . . find a job!



MASTURBATION in YOUTH

Masturbation in youth is the most misleading of the so-called aberrations. When, as children, we are caught in the act, we are usually admonished with the threat that to continue this habit would only result in a breakdown of our mental faculties, stunt our growth, or some other such ridiculous implication.

Onanism was named after Onan, in the Bible, who allegedly preferred masturbation to normal sexual intercourse. However, like all the other ridiculous statements, even this is in error, for what Onan really did was not practice masturbation at all, but rather, he practiced coitus-interruptus. He withdrew before climax in order not to impregnate his brother's wife. So, it is easy to see all the falacies which excisted about masturbation as far back as the days of the Bible!

One psychiatrist defines the act as: "Masturbation is a form of self stimulation of the genitals for the purpose of obtaining sexual gratification. Under ordinary circumstances, masturbation in moderation is harmless. However, when this practice is carried to excess, when masturbation is carried out in several bizarre methods and in a compulsive manner, it becomes an aberration."

Other psychiatrists will refute this statement if not in full, then at least in part. Some persons have claimed to have masturbated up to five times a day over a period of years without any harmful effects. However, those who must be stimulated by outside forces, such as fire, voyeurism, fetishes, and any other artificial means, are definitely forms of aberrations.

However, in going further with the fire approach, pyromania as it is called, such persons who resort to this experience some degree of sexual excitement while watching the flames of the building or object which they have set on fire. The entire action is symbolic. The fireman uses a water spray to put out the fire. Urethral sexuality is expressed in this manner. However, fire represents not merely the urinary act, it is also a symbol of sexuality with adults. Fire always means love. The common expressions such as to be in love, is to be on fire, the fire of passion, the flames of love,

show the close connection in our thinking of the relationship between fire and love. Many pyromaniacs masturbate while watching the flames. It has been proven that a very many of the pyromaniacs are compulsive masturbators who are unable to achieve adequate satisfaction in any other way, but are sexually excited at the actual sight of fires. This is evidenced in that many fires are proved to be set by youths who are repressing their sexual outlets and are channeling it in this fashion.

Youths learn to masturbate early in life. Usually they find out by themselves, by 'playing with themselves' in the privacy of their beds.'

Later, with their companions they practice it in secret, especially *in schools* and institutions, where it was discovered that it was practiced constantly, being introduced into it by their schoolmates in private, or by participating in group masturbatory practices, by forming a 'round-robin', whereby the boys sit in a circle and masturbate the boy beside him.

Homosexuals often meet and pick up youths expressly for the purpose of masturbating them only. They gain a thrill from seeing a young boy in the state of arousal.

Homosexuals also resort to onanism when they are unable to locate a sex partner.

Fantasies in masturbation will be explored in depth in the chapter on *'Fantasies'*, thus, just a casual mention should only be made of it here, for fantasies do play a most important role in the mind of a masturbator, for they prefer to refer to the more successful accomplishments in their sexual experience, or they like to look at pictures of persons who arouse their sexual interests and imagine that they are actually experiencing the act with them!

It must be emphasized however that the practice of masturbation is not only restricted to modern day cultures, or just to the thinking man, for this is not true!

Dr. Edrita Fried stated that: We are reminded of the masturbatory practices with which Navajo Indian mothers indulge in their male sucklings. They masturbate them as they feed them, apparently heightening the infant's sense of orgastic power and total satisfaction."

There is evidence that the practice was experienced as far back as the days of the cave man, the golden days of Greece, Rome and Troy.

Mark Twain, with tongue in cheek professed that, "Homer in the second Book of the Iliad says with fine enthusiasm, 'Give me masturbation or give me death!'

"Caesar, in his Commentaries, says: 'To the lonely it is company; to the forsaken it is a friend; to the aged and the impotent it is a benefactor. They that are peniless are yet rich, in that they still have this majestic diversion.'

"In another place Caesar has said, 'There are times when I prefer it to sodomy.'

"Michaelangelo said to Pope Julius II: 'Self negation is noble, self colture beneficant, self possession is manly, but to the truly great and inspiring soul they are poor and tame compared to self-abuse.'

"Samuel Clemens: 'If you must gamble away your lives sexually, don't play a lone hand too much. When you feel a revolutionary uprising in your system, get your Vendome Column down some other way — don't jerk it down'."

Thus we see a humorous approach to a serious topic.

As we stated before, masturbation is not restricted to the thinking man, it is also found in animals, especially in monkeys, sheep, dogs and horses. Animals at ruttime time rub their genital parts against any resisting objects within reach.

Masturbation then, in youth, is normal. It is usually substituted later for the actual physical relationship with a mate.

However, when one continues the practice without seeking a mate, or seeks other influences to bring on an arousal resorting to violence or harm, then it truly becomes an aberration for which medical treatment should be sought.

Other self-gratification is harmless and need not be considered to be in any way as abnormal.

SEX

Fantasies

Fantasies play a most important role in one's sex life. We are prone to recall our very first sexual experience, embellish it somewhat, and try to remember it as the most perfect sexual encounter we have ever experienced, even though it was a major catastrophe!

In a previous article *(Masturbation in Youth)* we stressed the importance of fantasies in a masturbation experience, but now we come to that part of life where fantasies take hold, thus changing the lives of some because they place all the importance on such dreams.

In the book *Society and The Sex Variant,* Dr. George W. Henry brings several cases to point which illustrate the situation perfectly. Dr. Henry stated:

"... Some of the girls knew about his sexual timidity. They couldn't quite understand it, especially after he had been repeatedly exposed to their various attempts at seduction. They found it hard to accept the fact that they could not arouse his passions.

"Rex was concerned about his own virility, and he hoped some day to be able to satisfy a woman. Yet he found it difficult to give up an old habit of stimulating himself by a fantasy of being overpowered by a young

man. In fact, he was often unable to go to sleep at night without this fantasy, along with some genital friction on the bed."

Here we see a young man who had to live with his fantasy because he had nothing else. He was unable to complete the sex act with a girl, he didn't want to admit homosexuality, so he had to resort to self-stimulation with his fantasy to assist him.

We also have a more vivid illustration, when Dr. Henry referred to another case. In this case the patient needed items of clothing with which to fantasize. He committed burglaries to obtain these items.

"Actually Albert was somewhat troubled by his escapades. At least he felt the need of inventing a scape-goat — a fanciful character whom he called 'Fritz.' He had seen *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* in the movies, and it had made a great impression on him. Thereafter it was as though he were two persons, and Fritz was held responsible for his misdeeds. This schizophrenic association of fantasy with reality was so effective that it relieved Albert of his feeling of guilt. It made it possible for him to commit murder without remores because Fritz was the guilty

person. He argued with Fritz. He even wrote letters to him trying to dissuade him from committing crimes. These efforts were of no avail because the sex urge was strong and the means by which it was expressed had become firmly established. Fritz was always ready to bring about sexual relief.

"In addition to his strong sex urge, which required the intervention of a fetish and the creation of the fanciful Fritz for its relief, Albert had a strong need for power. In a notebook he referred to himself as a worm, a nimcompoop and one of the most unworthy persons that ever lived ..."

"... At about this time there was a brief interlude during which Albert had a vision of a kind of power which might be obtained in a socially approved way. It came when he was approved as a student at a university ..." This is my first chance to show how good I am to society ... The dream of conquering by legitimate means soon faded: "Considering my present college status considering my inability to control society, considering that I am losing my moral code, I intend to change my whole way of living.

"Within the next nine months Albert murdered four persons in a brutal and gruesome manner

"Albert was no longer primarily concerned with the acquisition of woman's underwear. Even entrance through a window had lost some of its stimulating effect . . ."

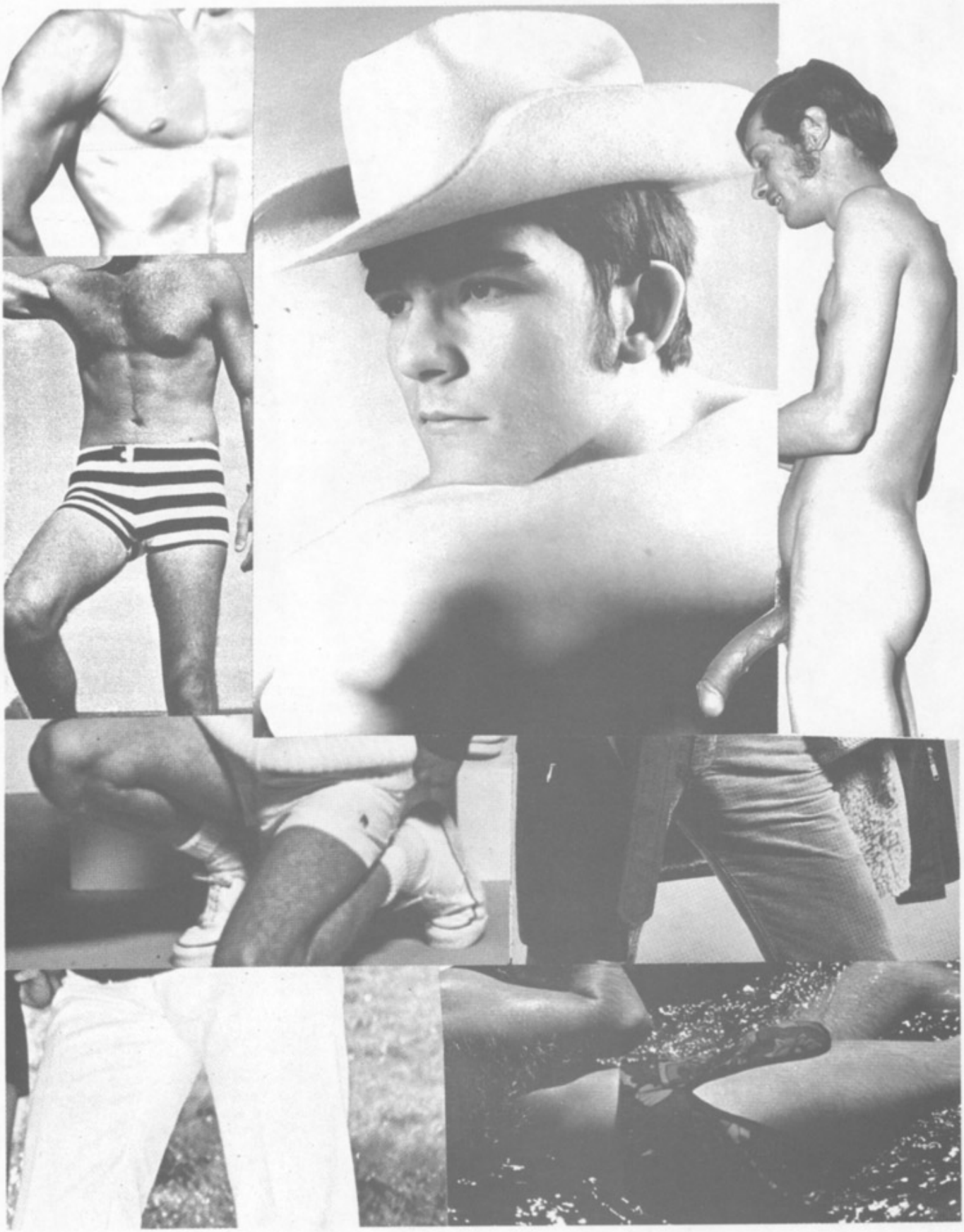
This, indeed, is an extreme case, however we went into it in depth because it did illustrate that such fantasies *can* lead to other things which eventually can change one's life. It also illustrates that fetishes, which are closely related to fantasies do go hand-in-hand.

Fetishists can obtain sexual gratification only when the chosen fetish and specific conditions are present.

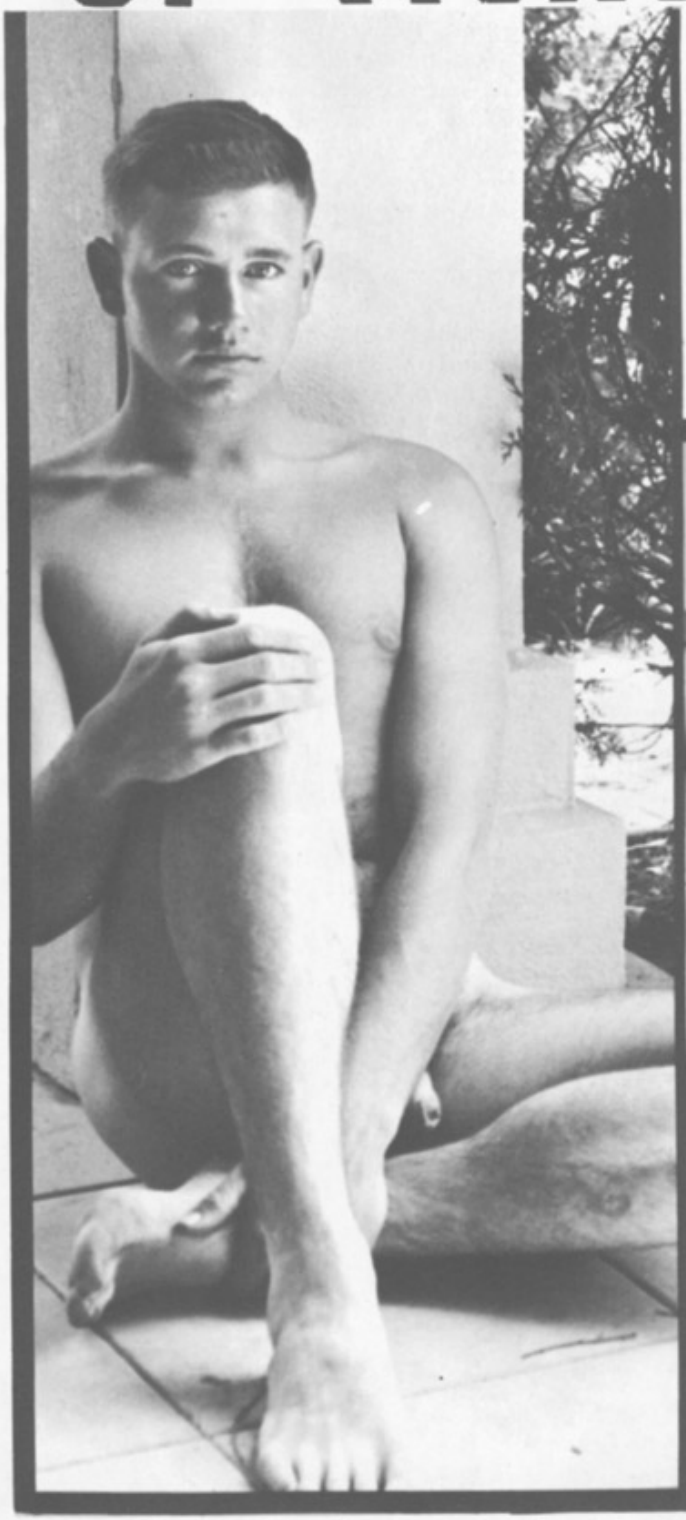
Freud maintained that fetishism. like most perversions, is usually a component in the sexual life of normal people who look upon them as upon other intimacies. In no person does the normal sexual aim lack of perverse elements. The choice of a love object among healthy human beings is frequently, if not invariably, determined by a fetish; the love object, or sex partner, must possess a certain stature, coloring, voice or mannerisms. This is due to impressions acquired in connection with early love objects and is quite within normal limits. It becomes pathological when the fetish is displaced from the person and becomes itself a sexual object. Under these conditions the sexual aim toward the possessor of the fetish is decreased, and masturbation is invariably a supplement to sexual activity or a substitute for it. To the fetishist, the sexual partner is often incidental to the particular part of the body or body substitute which is sexually stimulating.

Stekel referred to a case where a man could not complete the sexual act without a billiard ball being forced into his anus.

The college 'panty raids' were indeed the 'fetish fad' of the day, for the panties symbolized man's conquest over the female. Thus they fancied. This was a true fantasy!

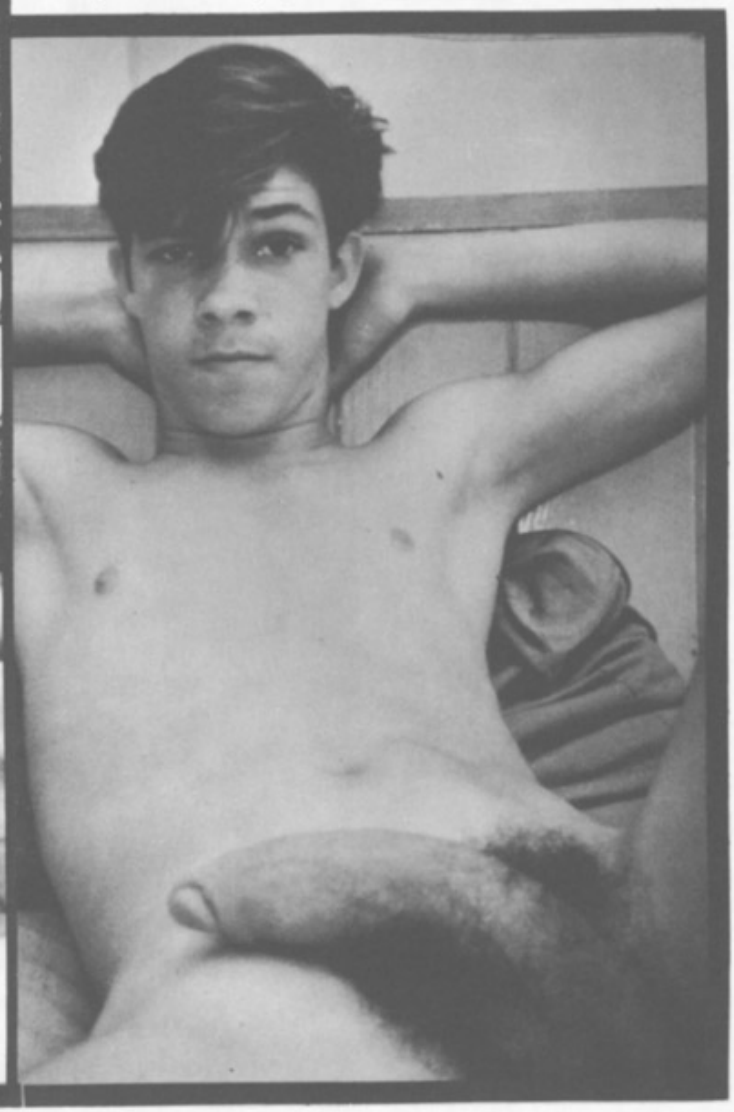


UP-TIGHT---a short story



Lance just couldn't understand it. He wasn't a fag, didn't ever intend to be one, and yet, every time he 'took a trip' his visions were of cocks, all sizes of cocks. He could clearly visualize the boys who sported these cocks-young boys, boys in their late teens, handsome ones, mediocre ones and some who were real beauties.

The young man was confused about these hallucinations, for they began to bother him. Even now, while he was stone sober, the last hallucination still lingered with him. It was as if he had never come out of it. But yet, there it was plain as day, he could see the cocks and the naked youths as they sported around in their entirety!



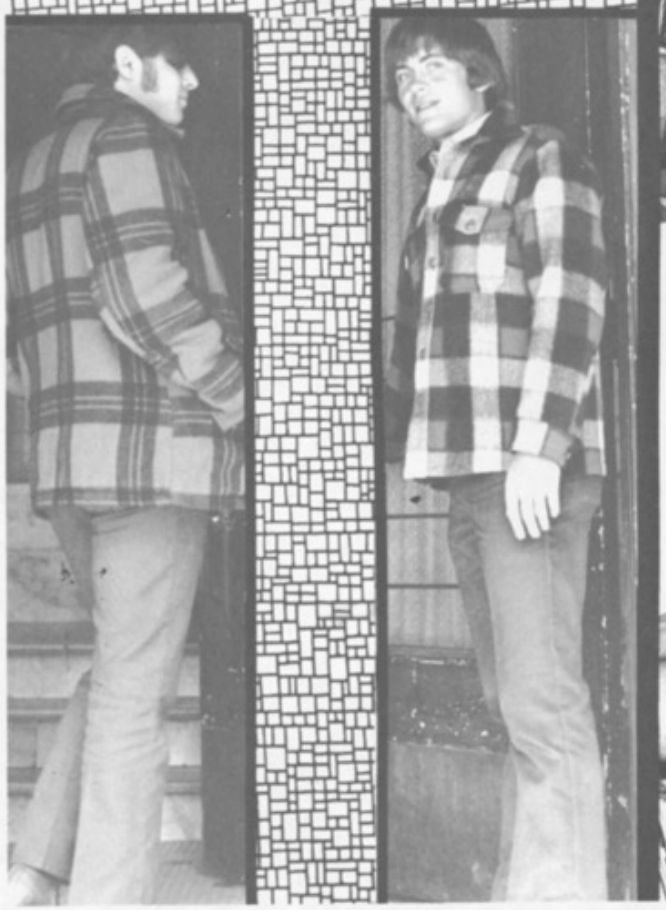
The visions were beginning to drive him up the walls. He knew that he had to have a fix or else he'd go crazy. But where could he go at this hour of the night? He glanced at his watch, it was five minutes to three.

"Shit!" he spat out the epithet.

Climbing from the bed, he hurried to the bathroom to see if, by any slim chance there was any stuff left that he hadn't used. But, he knew that there wasn't, for he had done this a hundred times before and knew it was a dry run and nothing but wishful thinking on his part. He searched the medicine cabinet, hoping there would be some kind of substitute, but also knew that that was futile too, because he had finished everything that even resembled a substitute.

Lance wondered if Buck was awake. He was tempted to get dressed and go down to the pay telephone and call him, but he remembered that Buck's phone was disconnected when he had used the money to buy a fix. His wife had cursed him for it, but still, the bill was unpaid.

Returning to the loneliness of the room, the youth searched the ashtrays for a butt, but even those were totally burned. Muttering curses, he slowly climbed into



his trousers and zipped up the fly.

When he was fully dressed, he glanced at his watch once more. It was three-twenty. The youth knew that time passed slowly, onelong minute at a time. Locking the door to his room behind him, he hurried out to the abandoned streets and headed across town, toward Buck's.

When he shoved his hand down into his pocket, he was surprised to feel a coin. Pulling it out, he was pleased that he still had a dime left. He could stop at an all-night diner and have a cup of coffee. That would quiet his nerves for about an hour.

Lance remembered that there was an all-night diner several blocks away. His thoughts were now on that cup of coffee. Picking up his pace, he headed in the direction of the diner.

The luncheonette was brightly lit, inside an old man sat and sipped his coffee at the end of the serpentine bar.

Lance seated himself near the window. The waiter

shoved the cup of coffee before him, across the counter, without changing the expression on his doleful face. The youth tasted the bitter coffee, as though it were what remained in the bottom of the pot. Regardless, it was welcome. He sipped it slowly.

The young man saw a figure as it passed the diner. He glanced out and was startled to see the face of a youth who couldn't be over seventeen. He stared at the youth. It was the very same face he saw in all the hallucinations! Every feature was there! He was too shocked to believe what he was seeing.

The fact in the window saw him staring, and he smiled. He turned and went back inside the restaurant. Perching himself beside Lance, he looked into the boy's eyes.

"What's happening man?" he murmured, as though they had been friends all along.

"Nothing," Lance responded, still too surprised to gather his senses.

"Where are you headed?"

"Hunting."

The youth smiled. "I've got the bread if you can get me a fix."

Lance stared at him in disbelief. "I suppose you want sex, too."

The boy grinned. "Naturally, man, I dig sex with you, didn't I tell you that last night?"

THE END

Look!

Hanky-Panky in the Locker Room?

basket lunch

A Short Story

It all began with a little horseplay in the locker room, and when the team was in the shower, someone began a little grabassing, and that was when things began to get a little serious, though no one knew it at the time!

Someone had goosed Rick and had hit his vulnerable spot, and the response shocked everyone on the team. The loud feminine shriek quieted them all, for they had been momentarily stunned into thinking that a female had crept into their presence.

When the men realized that it was Rick who had let out the high falsetto shriek, they immediately began goosing him from every direction, in order to hear the peculiar response from the young athlete.

Rick was only eighteen, and he was new on the team. Although he was not as big as the others, he played well, and as professional as the rest of them, who had been on the team for a number of years. He had felt honored in having been offered such a lucrative contract, and the youth was making more money than he'd

ever seen in his life.

The coach, upon hearing the high effeminate scream, hurried to the showers and peered inside. The scene which he saw, surprised him. The men were all feeling and tickling Rick, the newest member of the team, while the young athlete was giggling and squealing in delight.

"All right men, can this shit!" the coach shouted in a commanding voice.

The shower room was hushed, almost instantaneously at the sound of the coach's voice.

The coach was almost embarrassed that he had stopped the fun, but he knew that if he was to have discipline and master control over these men, such respect was absolutely vital.

The man with the famed gruff voice looked about him. "Rick, when you finish your shower, I want you to come to my dressing room right away!" The coach did not say anything else. He just glanced about at the anxious faces of the other athletes and turned, walking down the long room toward his own private dressing room.

Within a few moments there was a loud, deliberate knock on the door.

"Come in!" the coach shouted.

The door opened and Rick entered with a towel wrapped around his hips. His strong muscular chest had a small patch of hair, and his biceps bulged.

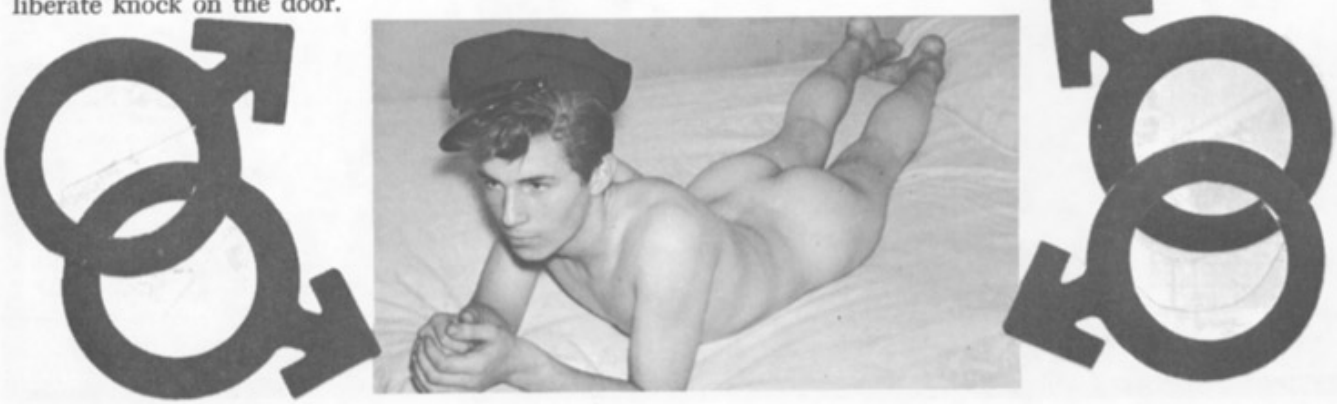
"I want to apologize, coach." the youth began, nervously.

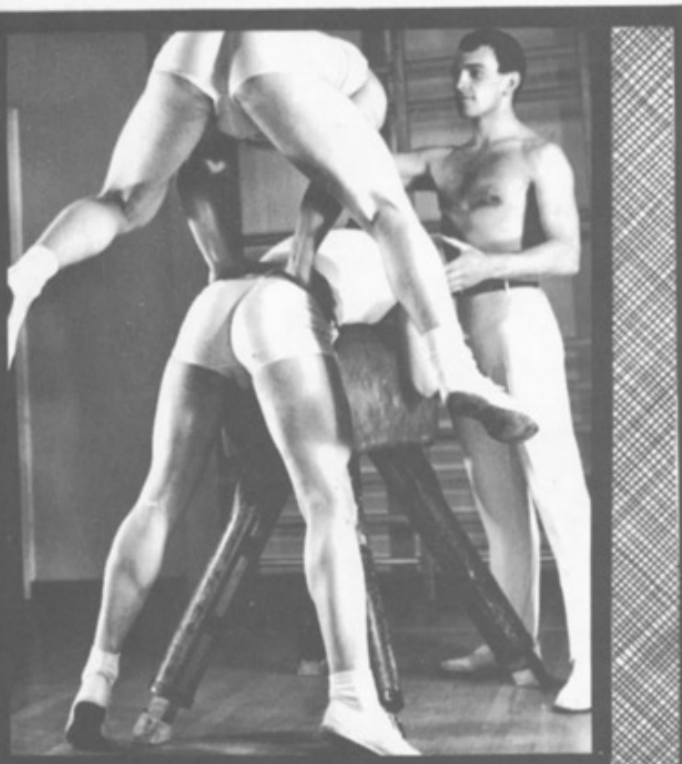
"Rick, I've paid a helluva lot of money for you because I know what you can do for us in the future. I can't afford to have these men messing you up."

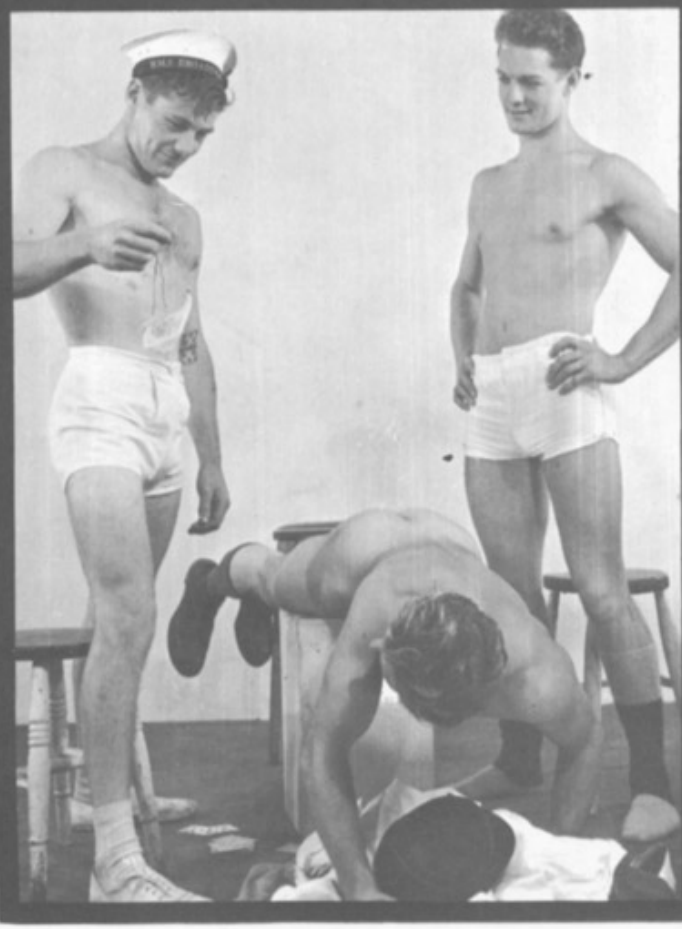
The youth nodded "But I can't help it, coach. I get that hysterical laugh when anyone fools around with me, I just can't help it!" he tried to emphasize.

"I know, and it leads to something else, doesn't it?"

The youth was shocked at the man's question. He stared at the floor but did not glance up at the coach.







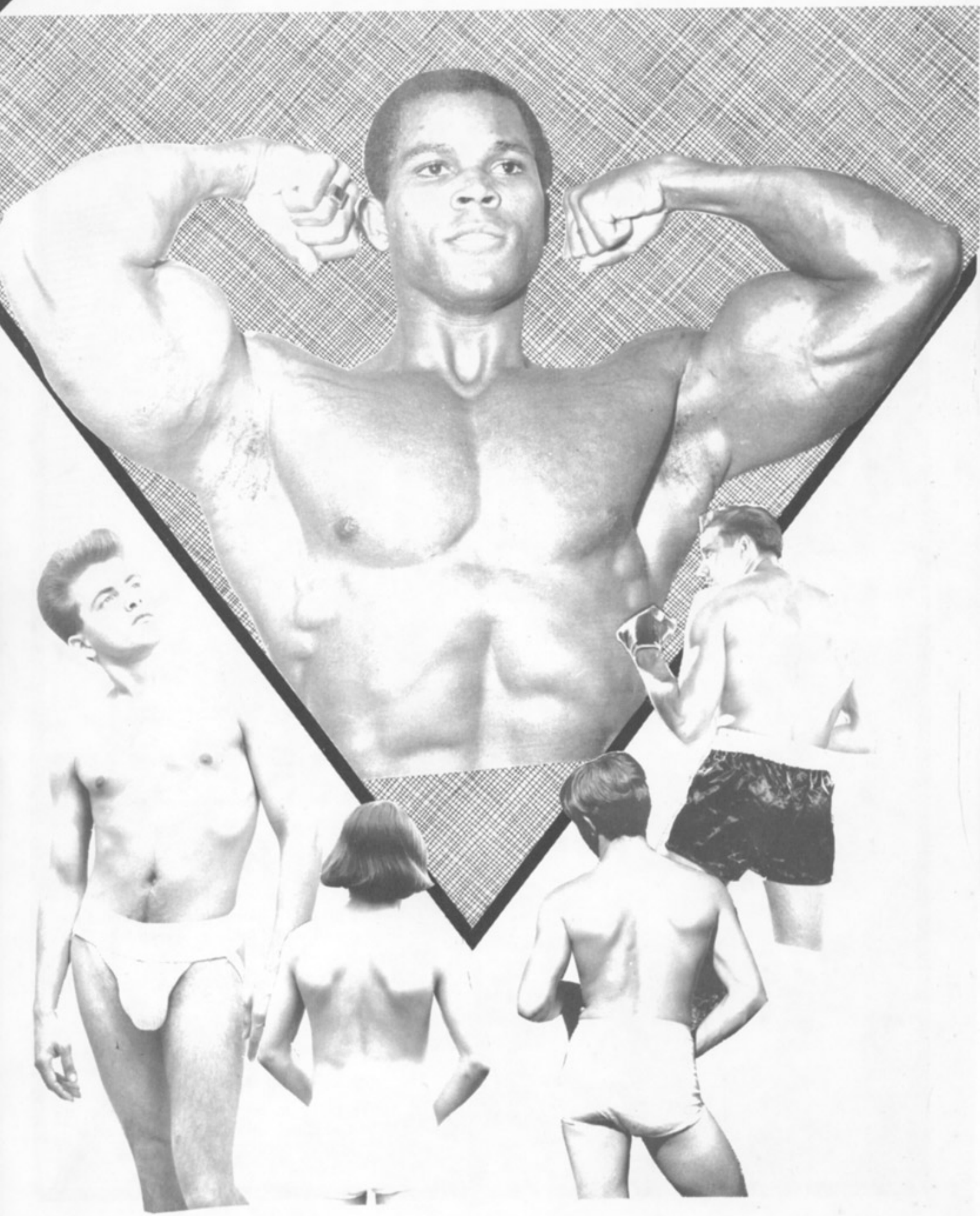
The coach grinned. "Rickie, I know all about you. Your high school coach told me everything. That's why I brought you in here now."

The athlete looked up at his coach, stunned. He saw that the coach was smiling.

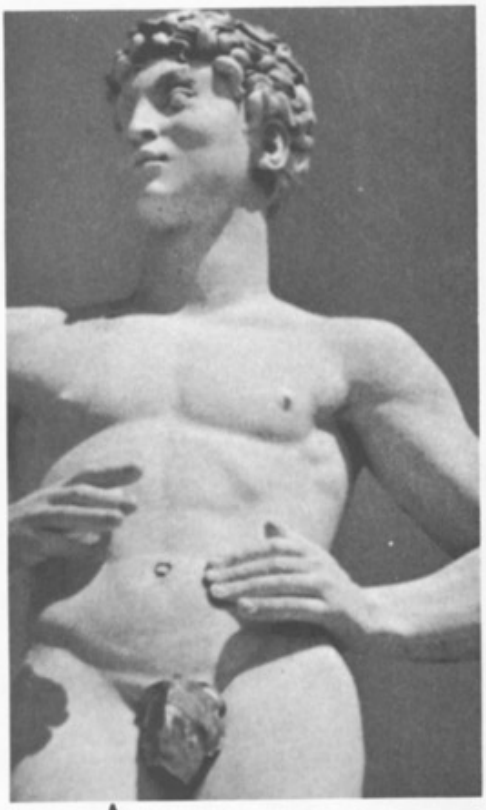
"Rick, you belong to me, body and soul, all through the ball season, do you understand? Me!"

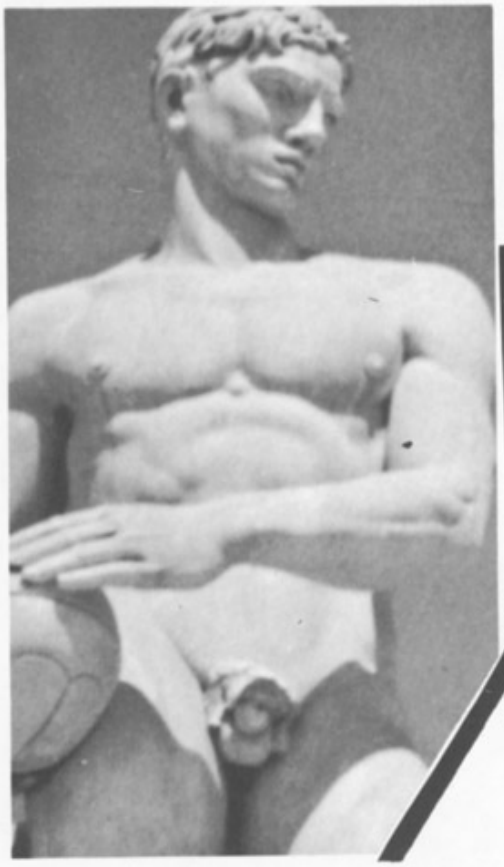
The youth looked up at him puzzled.

"If you're going to have sex with anyone, it's going to be me! Climb up on that workout table!"



THE BODY





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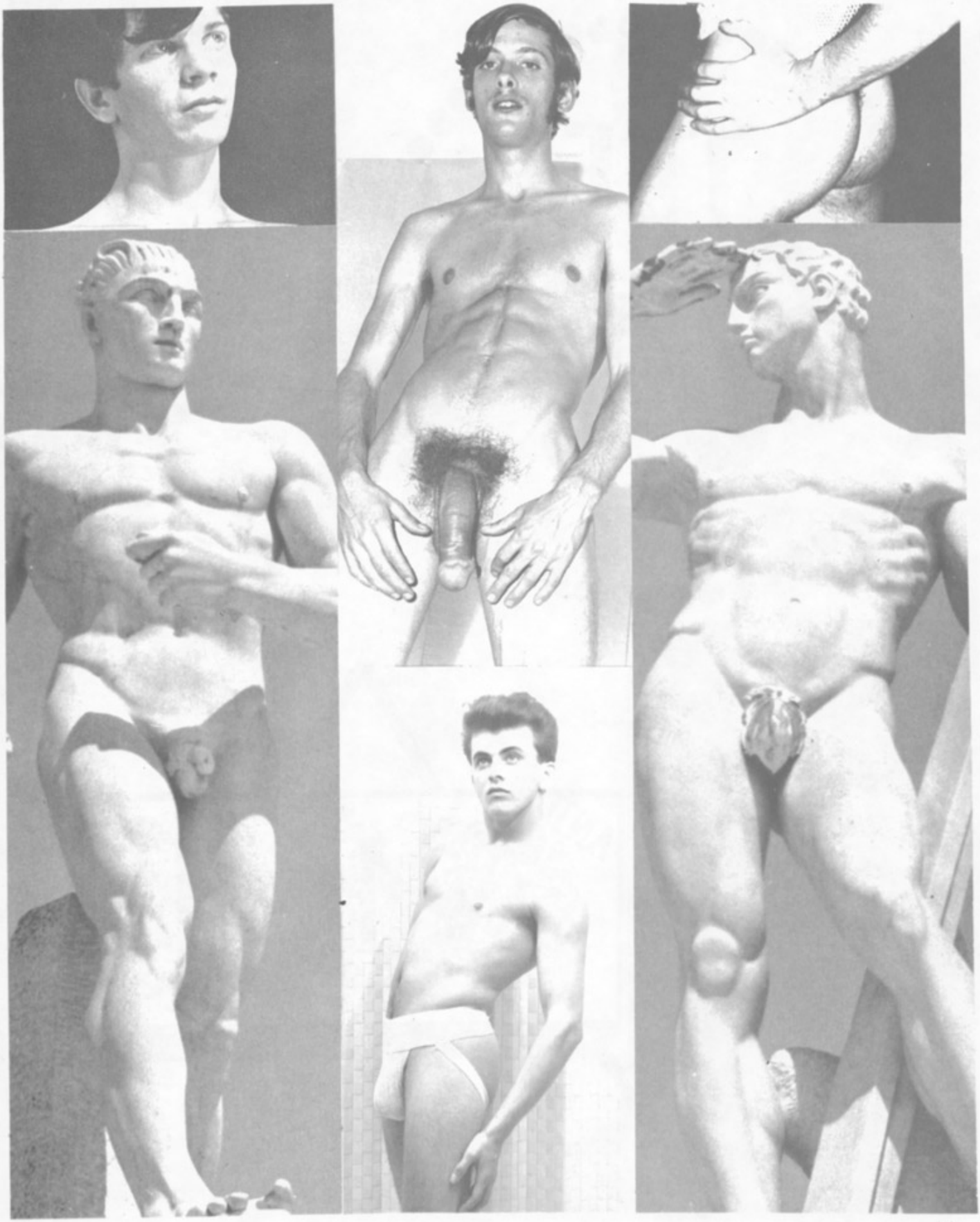
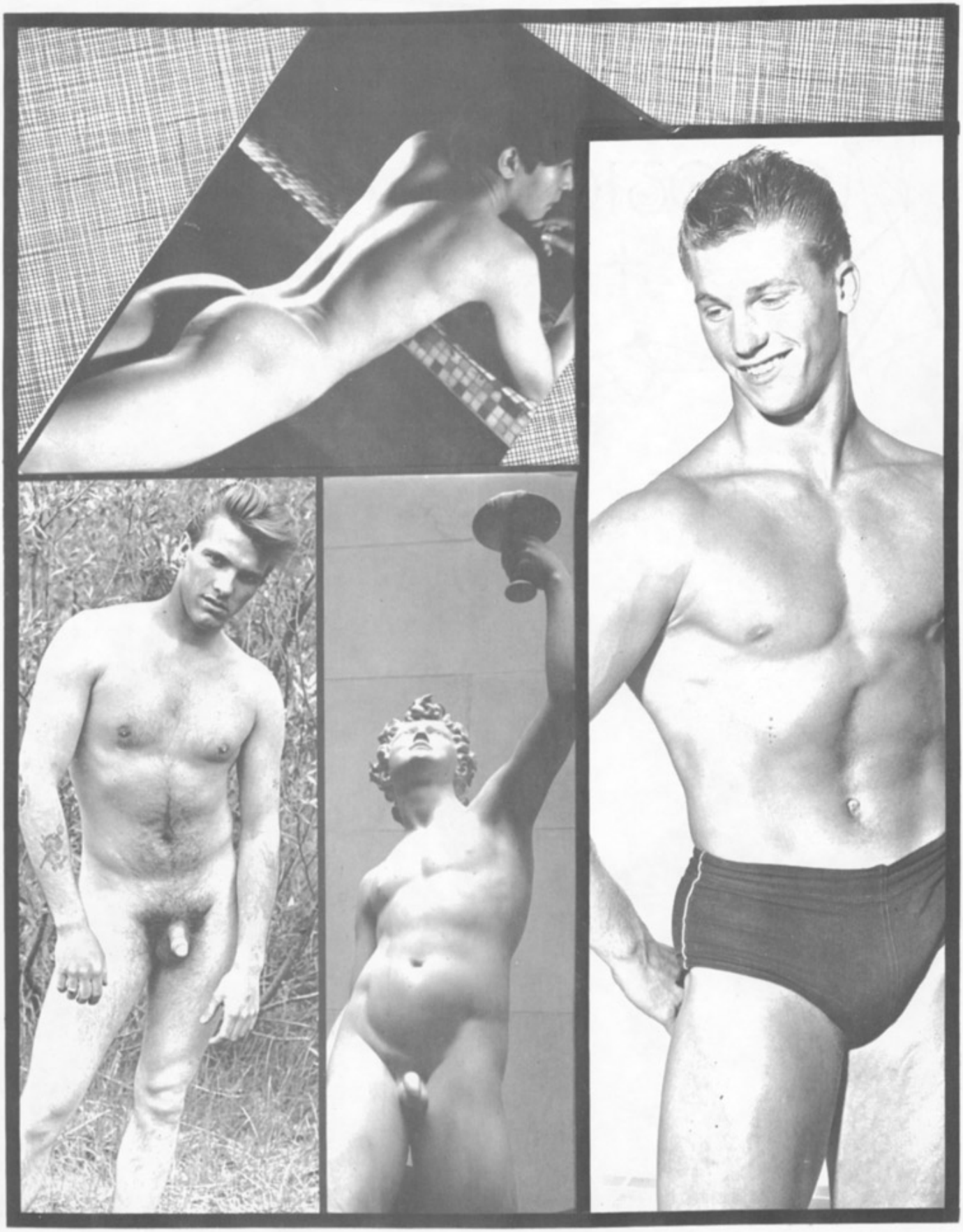
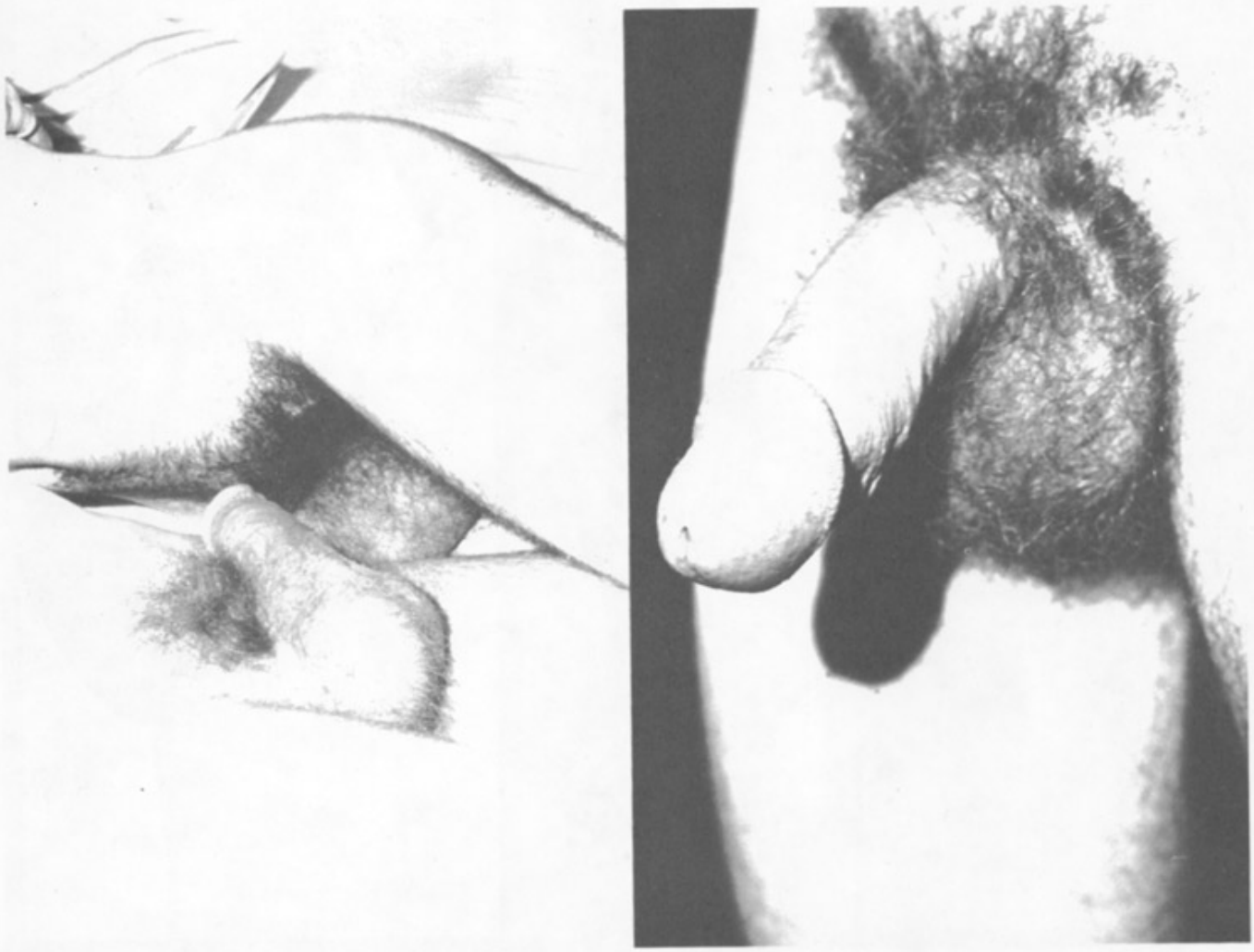




erotica



The statue of David, by Michaelangelo, could be termed erotic, for it could arouse the sexual urges in the individual, or it could be just a work of art to another, all in the eyes of the beholder. Thus, it is so with almost any piece of literature or photograph, or work of art, as well!

The overworked phrase 'erotic' is not looked upon lightly by our so-called 'society' for they cover the eyes of their children when something flashes on the screen, or appears in a magazine, something in the nude or semi-nude. But yet, these very same parents, prudes by nature, permit these very same children to read funny magazines, comic books which deal with sadism, cannibalism, bestiality, torturing, killing, kidnapping ... monsters, madmen, creatures half-brute, half-human, tales of crimes, criminals with emphasis on cruelty, human torture, horrible forms of death, human sacrifice.

The incredible part is that children should not view acts of love, copulation, the procreation of man, but to watch killing and maiming is all right! How reversed should our so called 'society' be?

Yet, eroticism, in its raw state is condemned, while implication or the underlying motives of popular novels do exactly the same thing, only more subtly.

Somerset Maugham, who was indeed a noted novelist, sold dozens of his novels with the very same underlying theme — Girl meets boy — girl destroys boy — end of story. This was the message in *Of Human Bondage* as well as in *Rain*. Also examine *The Painted Veil* or others as well. Is not this theme erotic in that he claims that the

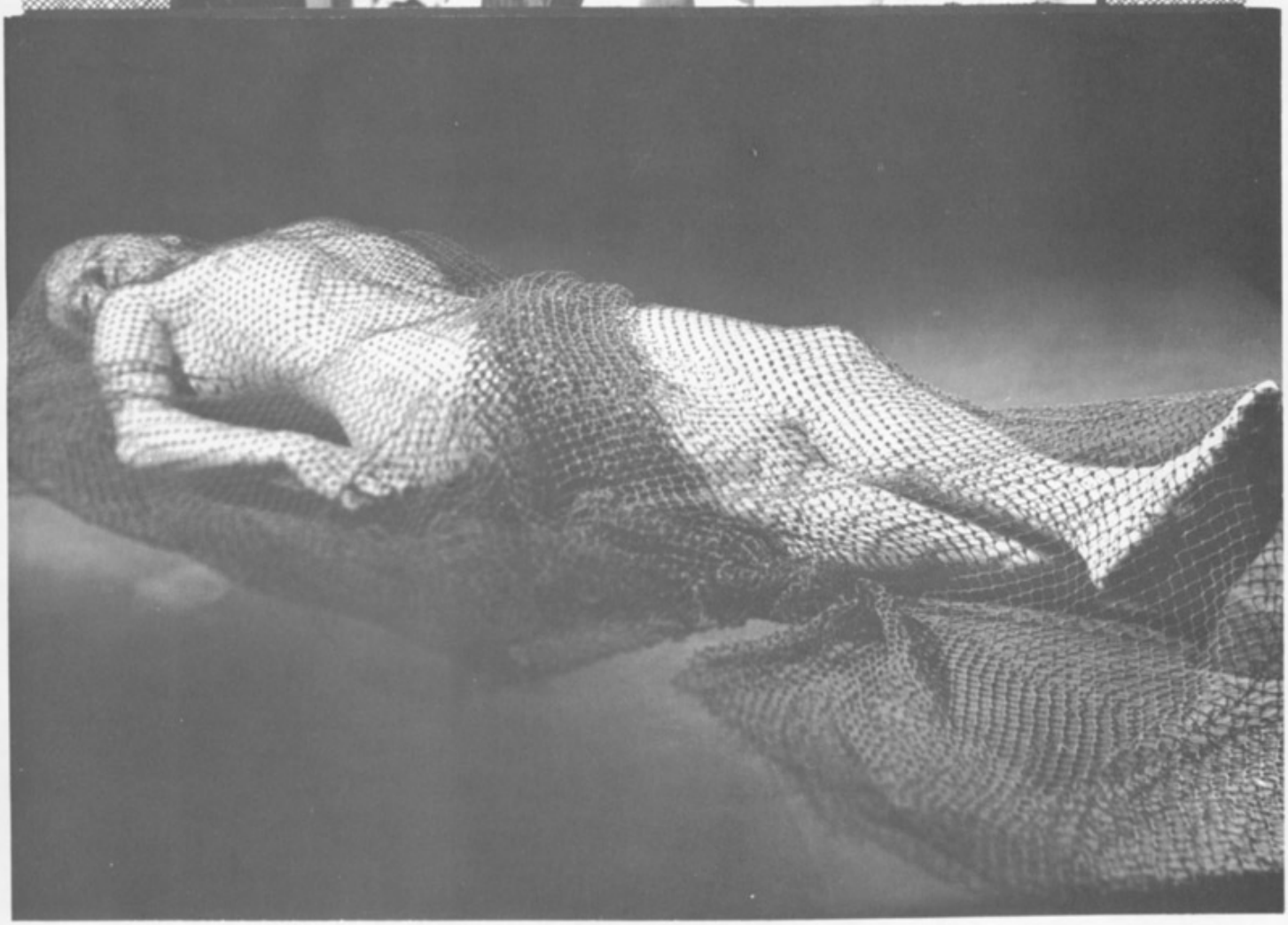
man is always destroyed? This was his message.

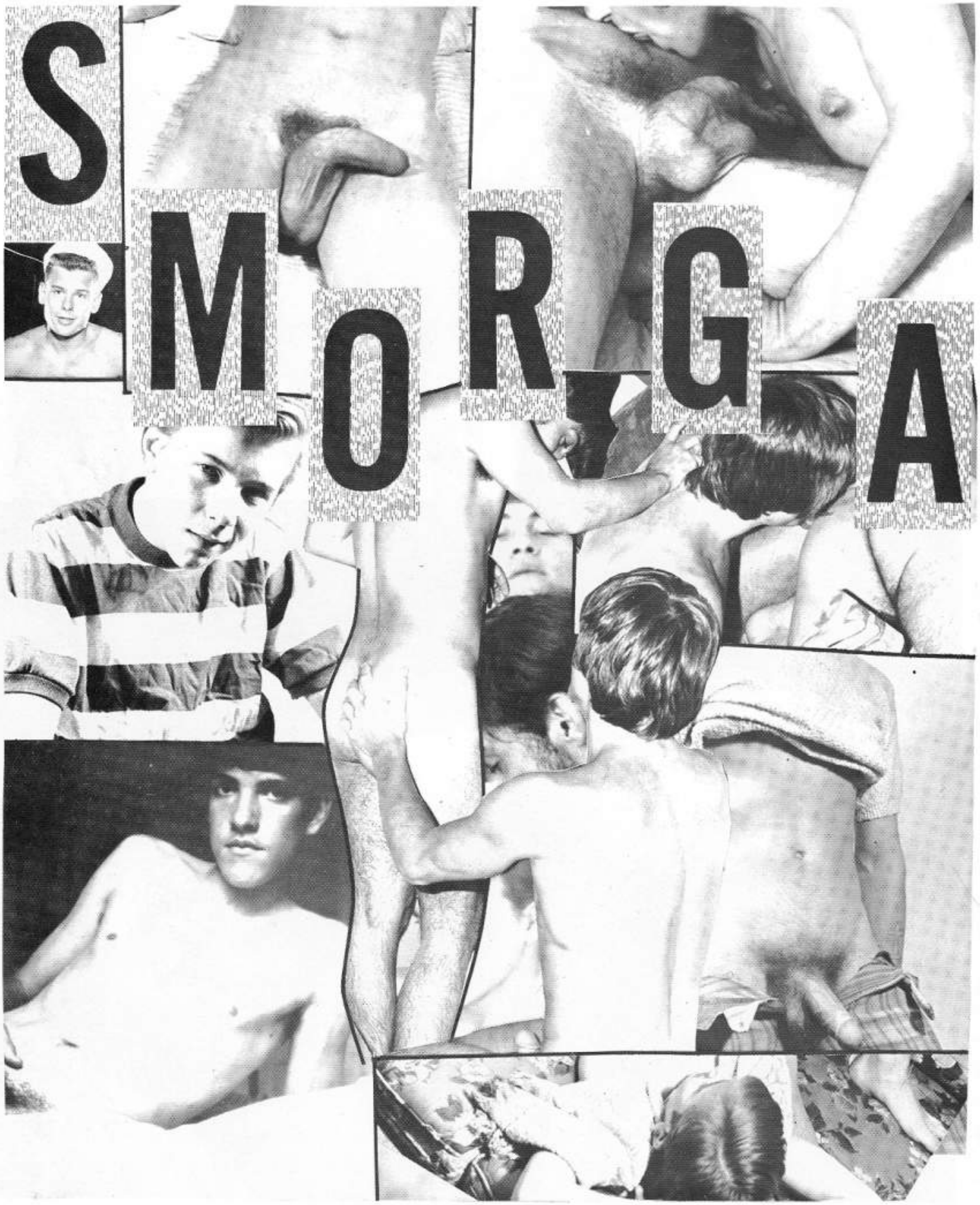
What about James Hilton? His message is the same: Women are the ruination of men.

No modern writer has taken the hatred of women farther than has Ernest Hemingway. He kills off the women in all his books, when they do not kill the men. When he does leave a woman alive, he leaves them to a fate worse than death—and sexual frustration. He has expressed his love for death in many ways, and it was no surprise when he did finally commit suicide.

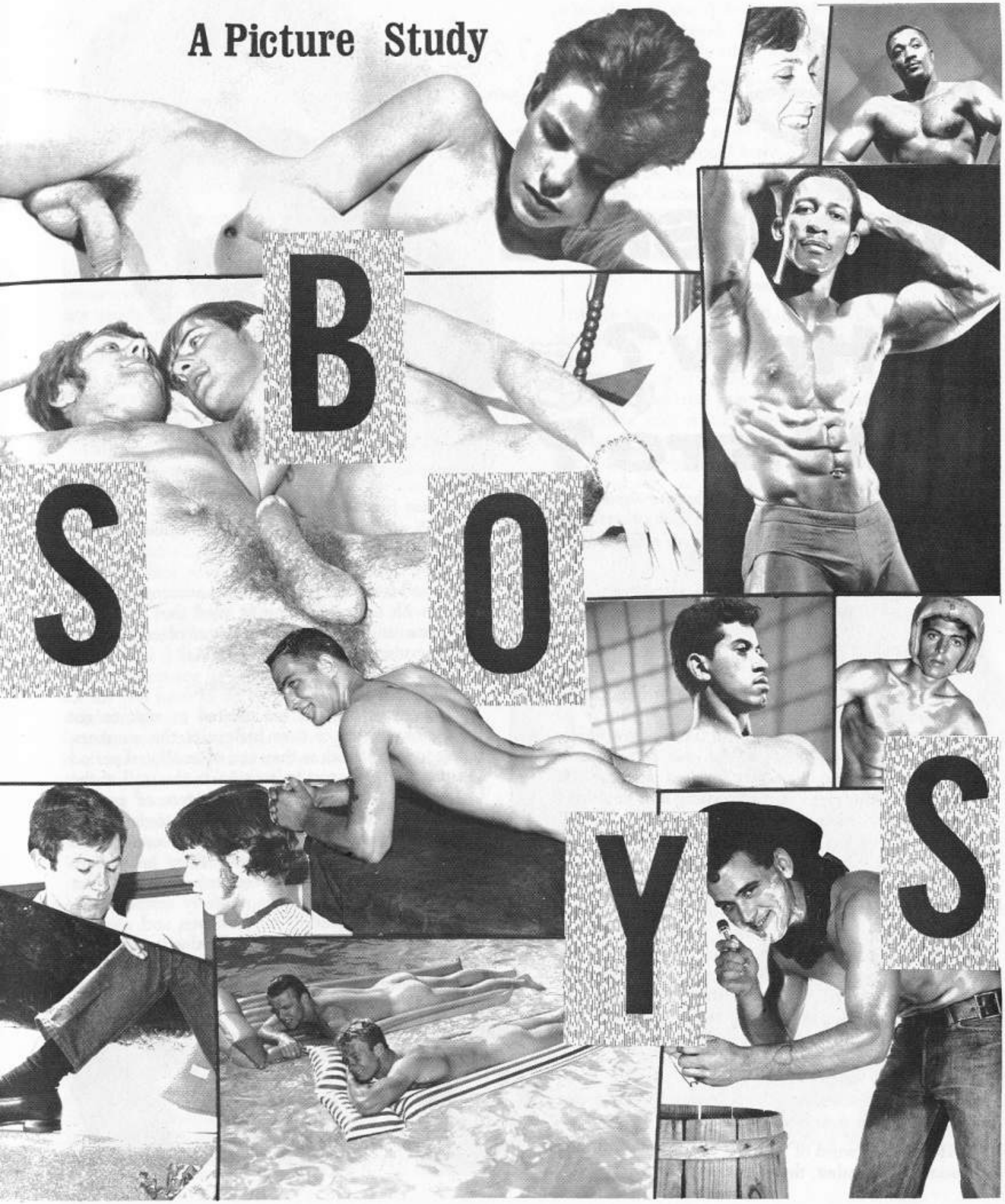
These men who propagandize for sex-hate are selling a more dangerous kind of violence than any sex-book novelist ever did. The sex-book novelist at least writes it with tongue-in-cheek for the sole purpose of amusing, entertaining and enlightening, as if an arousal should occur, then the reason is, no doubt, horny and in need of an out. It doesn't mean that he's going to go out and rape the first girl he meets on the turnpike. No book was ever that strong that the reader was led into an act of violence. It has to be in the individual's makeup, and then he'd resort to such a crime, without the assistance of a book. He'd ordinarily be aroused at the sight of his own sister, mother or daughter. Such is the sickness.

So-called erotic drawings were sketched on the walls of ancient Pompeii, and today pilgrims travel from every corner of the earth to view these drawings, yet they are every bit as erotic as any book that was published in any country. Whom are we to believe? Who can set himself up as judge as to what we should view. Only self discipline should be the deciding factor. Nothing else!




SMORGASBORD

A Picture Study



CRUISING

How? Where?

Cruising is, indeed, an art. Why are some gays more successful in making a score than others? Because they have developed it into an art form and practice it as such!

Let us now get down to the nitty-gritty and study the HOW, WHEN, and WHERE of the matter.

MEETING THEM

In order to score, it is first of utmost importance to meet the candidate of your choice. Where to go to meet them? That depends on the time available, the time of day, the season of the year, *ad infinitum*. Let's say that you have just finished working the night shift, it is eight in the morning and you don't want to go home alone, where can one find a bed partner at eight in the morning?

1. *Bus or train station*

This is always good for a beginning, for there are always some who are newly-arrived, ready and willing to share a bed after a long arduous journey. Then there are those who had arguments the previous night with their lovers, threatening to leave town the first thing in the morning, and usually they get as far as the bus station, meet someone to trick with, then after that brief affair is over, they discover that it was no better or worse than the lover they just left, and hurry back before someone else takes their place in bed!

However, a word of warning about bus and train stations. Remember, they are usually cruised by the local vice fuzz, so it is best to get there early, for they too, are trying to make a score. Remember, the early bird . . .

Bus and train stations are also convenient because others with the same thing in mind that you have, will meander there, and what better place to find a 'scenic-cruiser' than at the bus station?

A Word Of Warning

Often, gays become too excited to wait to get their tricks home, or they believe in the numbers, trying to do as many as they can in an alloted period of time, so they resort to 'scoring' in the stall of the bus station. This, should be verboten, of course. However, in the event that you are changing buses and do not have time to go to a hotel room and are forced to resort to this method, then, be sure to remember that two pair of feet can be seen under the stall door, which will most likely arouse suspicion (besides gathering an audience and alerting the fuzz.) The best way to handle this is to carry a shopping bag with you at all times and stand in the shopping bag, while your partner performs, unmolested!

2. *College Campus*

If you have a college campus nearby, you are in luck. For there are scores of handsome lads who are sex-starved, money hungry, but mostly curious, who are ready and willing to share as many beds as possible during their college careers to get as much of a liberal education as possible. I knew one young man who had slept with nearly three hundred different men before receiving his master's degree, and when I met him, he was working on his doctorate!

On the campus, you can meet them at the recreation rooms, study halls, cafeterias, and of course, in the local pubs!

3. *All Night Movie House*

Such places are ideal, for those young men who have not had a night's sleep and have spent the night in the movie, are now anxious to get a bed to sleep in . . . any bed! Why not yours?

This type will usually settle for coffee, a doughnut, and a place to sleep. One need not use too much diplomacy in approaching such individuals for all you have to do is to give them that familiar sidelong glance, a faint smile, and show them the key to your room or apartment, evidence that you can back up that glance and smile. These are about the cheapest tricks, for usually you can score with nothing more than a quarter on you. This also applies to the college student as well, but the difference with them is you have to feign a little bit of intelligence to hold their interest. With the other, no effort of any kind is necessary at all!

4. *Burlesque*

Most of the burlesque houses are open early to catch the early risers, the hookey players, and those waiting to report to their parole officers.

Burlesque audiences are usually a pushover for gays, for half the work is done for them already. When the gay arrives at the theater, greeted by the bump and grind music, he surveys the heated anxious faces of the audience, and when he finds one that appeals to him, or looks like it's in heat, he makes his way toward him and sits down beside him, (even if the whole row is empty!) The gay will usually find that the man already has a hardon from viewing the quivering flesh on the platform. Thus, someone beside him, to help him 'relieve the situation', is usually most welcome!

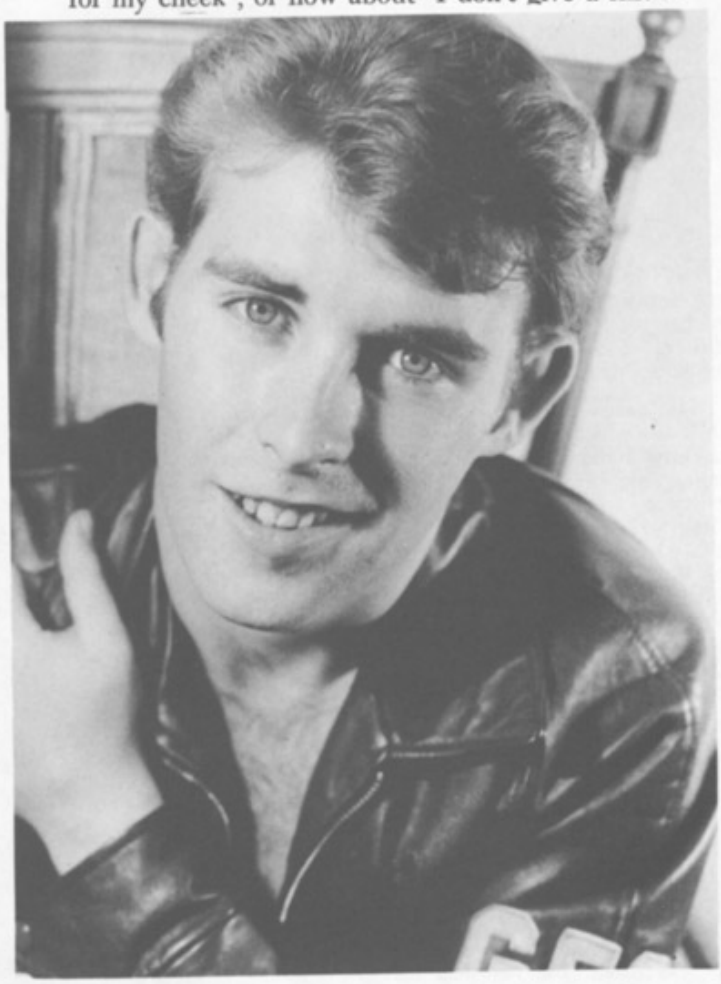
"Popcorn, anyone?"

I once knew a man who would frequent the burlesque houses and movie houses with a large box of popcorn. He would have a large hole cut in the bottom of the box, through which he would push his hardon. Casually, he would offer the man beside him some popcorn, the man would reach in and find the 'surprise'! This worked innumerable times for him, for the hand usually remained in the box!

5. *Employment Office*

What better place to find someone who needs money, a job, and more than likely a place to stay?

It is best, when you do go to the employment office, to find the one who you choose as your 'candidate' and stand in line behind him. It is important to learn all the trite phrases: "sure is a long line," or "last week I had to wait three fuckin' hours for my cheek", or how about "I don't give a shit if



I never get a job!"

While in this long line, engage in a conversation, invite him out for coffee and doughnuts (that quarter keeps coming in handy, doesn't it?) and then, invite him over to your place.

6. *Cruising The Streets*

Not recommended at this hour!

7. *Military*

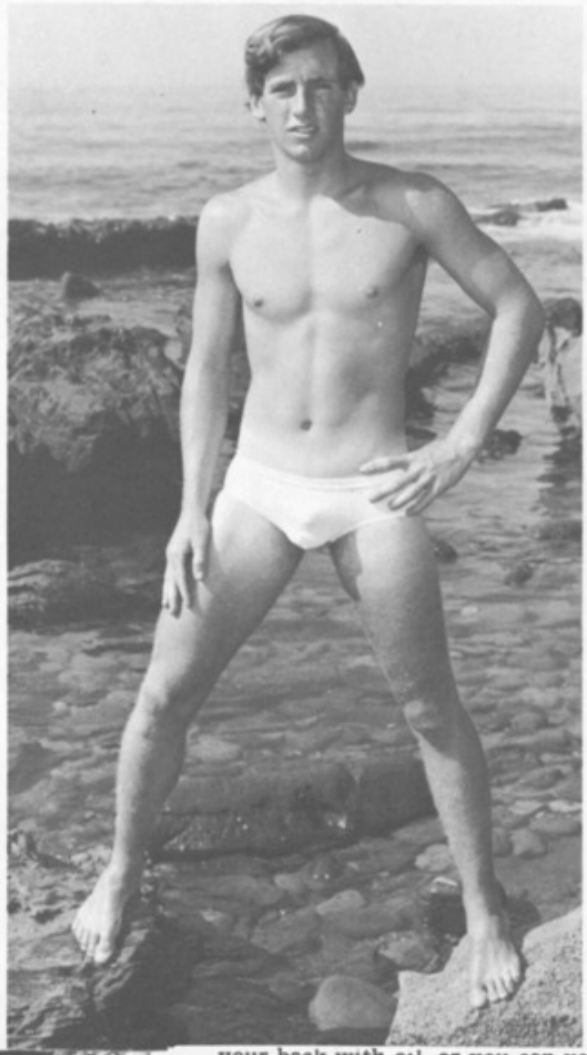
If you live near a military base, again you are in luck. There are a number of servicemen who are willing to share your bed for a price, or who are sex-starved (repressing their true feelings while on the base) or who are anxious to sharpen their sex prowess by practicing with *anyone!*

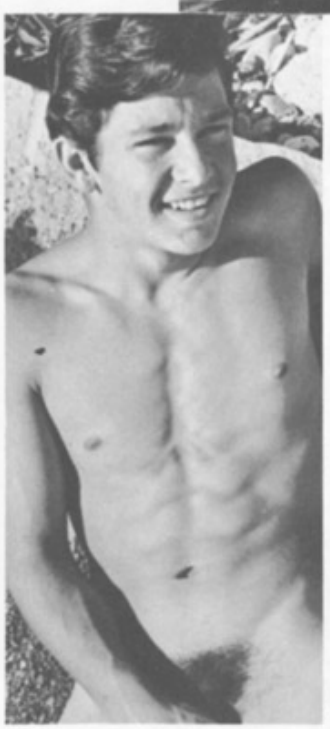
One can always meet these servicemen at bars near the main gate, at small bars in town, at locker clubs, at the bus depots, or at the local laundromat. (I knew one gay who washed the same bundle of clothes four times before he finally scored!)

With the military, one has several advantages, they are fairly clean, their physical condition has already been checked, and they usually have had their 'short-arm' examination, thus, there is less chance for venereal disease than with a civilian! Also, there is less chance that they will complain, for they are deathly afraid that they would have been exposed as being gay themselves'.

8. *Beaches*

Live near a beach? Then you really have a setup. Where else can you find so many young men who are away from home who are more than willing to try anything once, or to earn a few dollars so they can buy their favorite girl a 'coke and a smoke'?





The beach is usually one of easiest places to make a score, for, there, you can examine the merchandise without having to apply too much imagination. It's all there for god and everyone to see! (Usually the most handsome lifeguards are already spoken for, more probably by the Head Life Guard, the local Chief of Police, or by some of the town council!) It's much better to pick on the bathers themselves as some lifeguards have instructions to report any advances to their superiors, (thus, eliminating any competition, so the fuzz can keep them for themselves!)

However, if you must use the beach for your 'cruising-grounds' there are several items which you must keep handy:

a. A Blanket (something that is big enough for two people only.)
b. A good transistor radio. (turn it on loud to the local disc-jockey. This not only shows that you're 'hip', but it encourages a youth to park himself near you so he can hear the last top forty!)
c. Sun tan oil. (You can ask him to rub your back with oil, or you can volunteer to do his — back).
d. Vaseline. (Just in case things get out of hand.)
e. A surf board. (Even if you hate them, you can always loan it out for him to try it. A cheap one is all right.)
f. A comb. (In case he comes out of the water and doesn't have one. Offer him yours!

Now that you're completely equipped — good luck!

OTHER HOURS OF THE DAY

All the above places, with few exceptions, apply to the other hours of the day, as well, but some of the places which apply only to the later hours are as follows:

1. *Steam Bath*

The 'baths' are about the easiest places to make out. Everyone seems to come there with the same thing in mind, thus

eliminating all the preliminaries. However, these baths also can be misleading when one happens to pick on one person who *actually came for the baths!* One bath attendent told this writer that at one time he hadn't turned on the steam for over two weeks and *nobody missed it!*

It should be remembered that the public baths are closely watched by the local fuzz.

2. *The Local Y.M.C.A.*

Though their intention and their credo are extremely honorable, the local YMCA is always a good place to pick up a quick trick. It should be remembered that the top assistant of a former president was caught in a comprimising position in such a place.

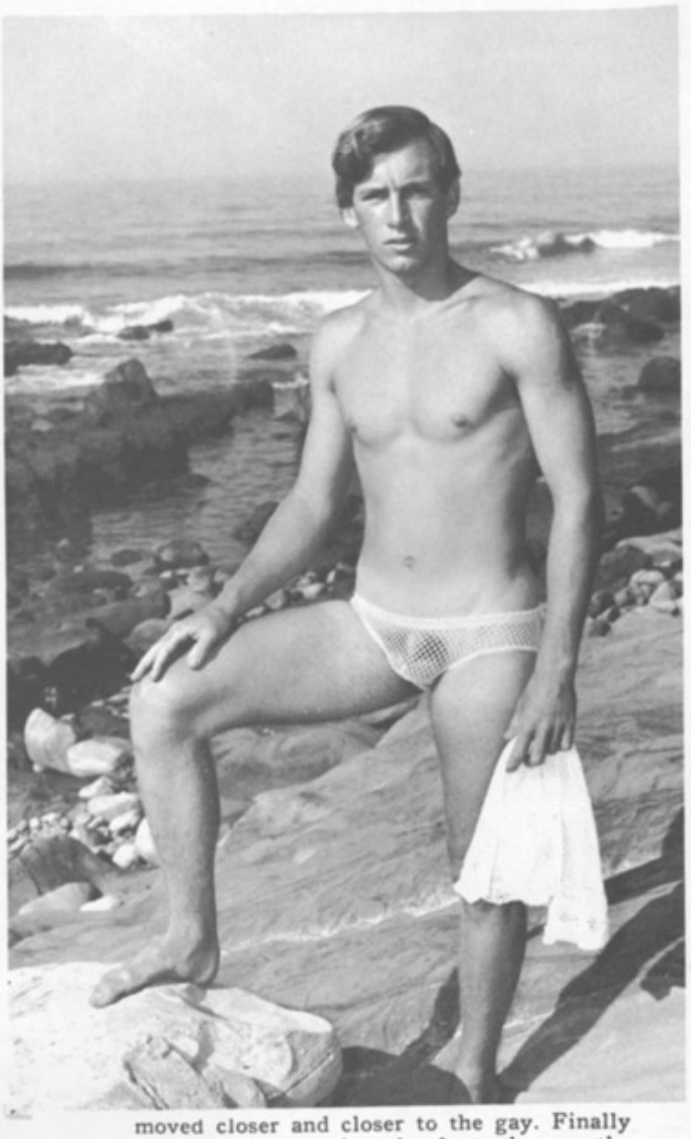
Some public toilets use two way mirrors, which are intended, (or so they claim) for surveillance, but eventually turn voyeurs of the local gendarmes, who spend more and more time sizing up the queens, learning their techniques, and measuring their various endowments.

3. *Cocktail Lounges*

These places are extremely popular by the grey flannel set. They are usually suburbanites with families who are out to find a gay to satisfy their erotic urges before catching the six-fifteen back to their split-level wives and the secure domesticity which she affords him. When he does meet such a gay, he usually lets his hair down in private, and doing what he wish h ehad the nerve to do in public.

4. *Parks.*

The park as a meeting place for gays is international in scope. One can go to almost any city in the world and find the park and he is almost certain to meet a candidate for his bed waiting for him. The drawback here is the same story, the fuzz usually beats you there, for he, too, is cruising. I knew of one gay who was seated in the park when a handsome young man parked beside him. His actions were obvious and overanxious as he moved closer and closer to the gay. Finally when he was pressing closely to the gay, the queen admonished him, "Honey, your gun is tickling my ribs — what did you have in mind?"

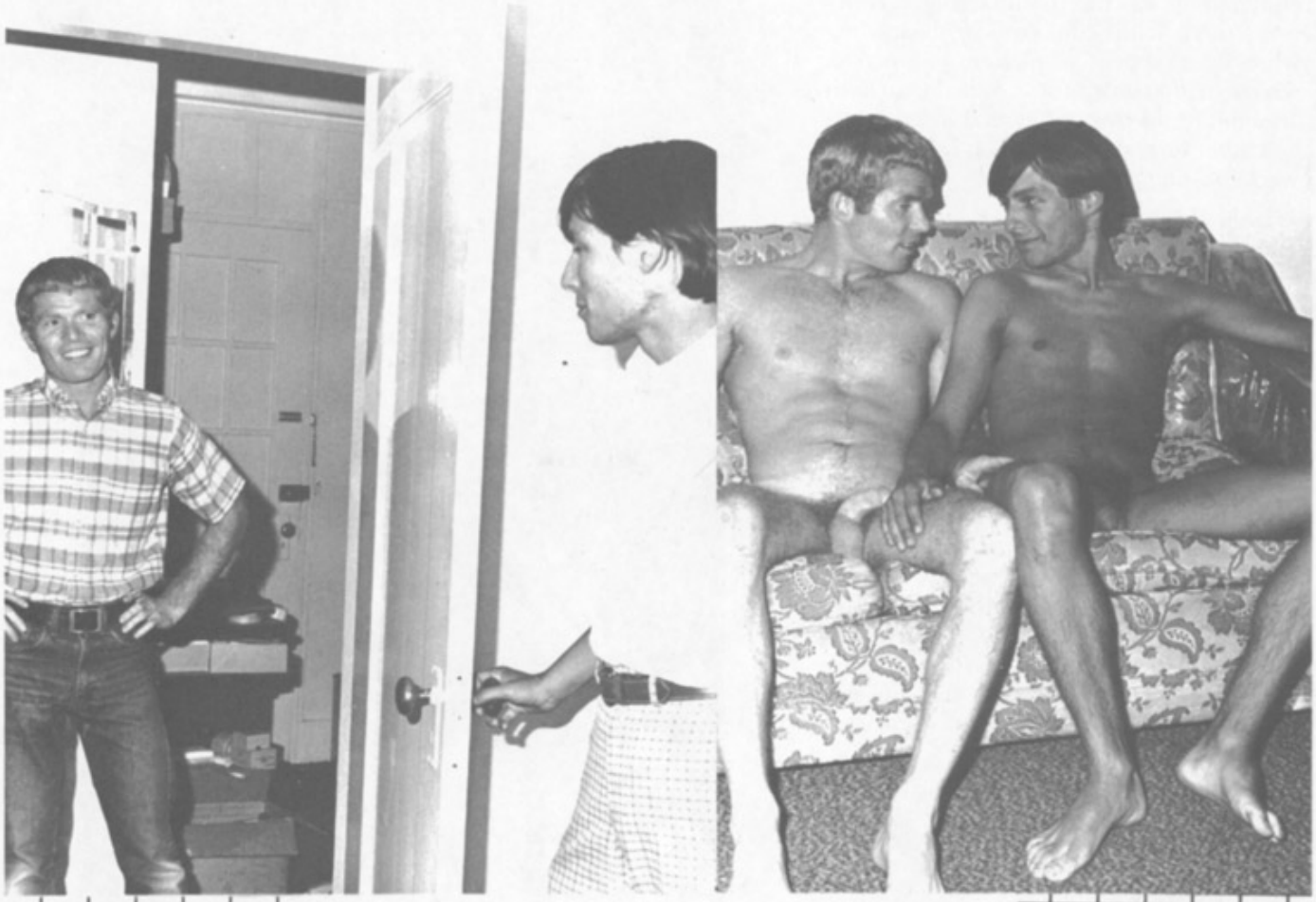


Needless to say, the recruiting-officer made a hasty departure.

5. *Sporting Events*

In order to score at ball games or such, it might be well to learn the jargon of the game, for in order to acquaint oneself with an avid fan, the primary reason for such an encounter should be the 'love for the game'. Once this rapport has been solidly established, then the succeeding conversation should then drift over to gayer topics, which, if successful, should eventially lead to a touchdown in your own bed!

Binoculars help in spotting your choice for 'cruising'. However, it's no use in sending the hot dog man to the good looking man in Section D, Row 23, Seat 69, and tell him that the hot dog was with the compliments of the man in Section X, Row 2, Seat 44! It just doesn't work, it's been tried!



GETTING RID OF THEM

Because of the limited space, we cannot, in this article, deal with the games and the love-play, the why's and hows, at this time. However, we feel that it is better to delve in depth on the subject of 'getting rid of the trick' after you've had them!'

Emergency!

If something arises that it's necessary to get rid of them immediately, there are several tricks which you can use.

a. Pretend your husband is a policeman and he's due home.

b. Pretend you're calling the police.

c. Throw him out.

d. Ask him to meet you downstairs and lock the door.

Saying Goodbye, forever!

If he is leaving and asks if he can return, however you don't desire for a second session, then:

a. Tell him you are leaving on a trip and you'll call him when you return.

b. Tell him your lover is returning from his trip and when he departs again you'll let him know.

c. Tell him he was a lousy lay!

Saying A Reluctant goodbye!

If the trick was sensational and you're dying to see him again, then:

a. Invite him for dinner, theater, or both.

b. Invite him to move in with you.

c. Give him half of a fifty dollar bill and tell him you'll give him the other half when he returns. THAT ALWAYS WORKS!

SEX & SYMBOLISM

In acknowledging the fact that some objects play an important part in sex, a recent newspaper article states:

"The anxiety resulting from failure to perform sexually is often alleviated by riding a motorcycle, 'a Harvard University psychiatrist reported.

"Dr. Armand M. Nicholi, Jr. told the American Psychiatric Association that some sexually troubled college age men relieve their feelings of sexual inadequacy with an 'unusual preoccupation with the motorcycle.'

"The motor cycle is experienced as an extension of what the patient considers his masculine self — the assertive active, aggresive, competitive parts of his personality,' Dr. Nicholi said.

He based his conclusion on studies of nine college students who, he said, suffered from the 'motorcycle syndrome'. In their daily activity in repetitive dreams, and in conscious and unconscious fantasies, the motorcycle played a significant role."

"He said his patients all showed common traits:

"They all expressed fears of death and castration when they talked about riding a motorcycle.

"They depended and feared, 'tall, broad-shouldered aggressive girls who initiate relationships by expressing admiration for the motorcycle or by asking to ride it. With these girls, the patient assumes the passive role sexually.

"Although his patients were not overt homosexuals, their poor sexual performance raised 'nagging fears of homosexuality and doubts about their masculinity.

"Other aspects – the appeal of the thrusting of the rider's body into space, the intrusion of the deafening noise into other people's ears, the practice of keeping motorcycles in girl friend's garages. – suggest genital or phallic features,' he said."

Stekel and Freud wrote at length of their experiments along these lines, emphasizing the fact that fetishist used other person's garments to act as incentives for them to complete the sexual act with their partners. Although these fetishisms assist them, these very same symbols, when used by the individual in the privacy of

his room arouse his sexual urges which usually results in a masturbatory practice.

These symbols are not restricted to patients, for in every day advertising in all the popular magazines we see the sex symbolism in almost every ad, encouraging us to buy the sponsor's product, thus making ourselves sexier, more appealing, luring, and every contrivance that the advertising agency can think up to lead us to the store to buy the product.

Thus, it is indeed a fact to say that symbolism is around us every day, everywhere!

DOING HIS THING

BILLY

Billy was only sixteen, but his thoughts were more mature. He had learned through personal experience, for he had been on his own since he was thirteen.

The boy had recalled that very first experience with men that day a few years back when he had gone to the movies and the man had sided over to him, placing his hand on the boy's bare leg, working his fingers into the youth's trousers. Billy had been frightened, but he did not resist. The man invited the youth to come to his room. The youth recalled that very first experience vividly. After the man had finished, he gave him several dollars and asked him to come back. Billy was tempted to return, but never did so. In the meantime he had met many men, and it was then that he discovered how niggardly the man had been, for the succeeding men had given him five and ten dollar bills, which he had carelessly squandered and could no longer account for all the money he had made in those succeeding years, for now, after surviving all this time, he was still no farther ahead than he had been from the very beginning. He was rooming by himself in a small boarding house, which was run down, he owned two pairs of trousers and four shirts, a second hand radio, and nothing else.

"Some day I'm going to make a real score." He pledged to himself. He knew that it *had* to happen, unless he was locked up first. He had had several narrow escapes from the law, but he tried to keep his nose clean, because when he earned enough for a bus ticket to the west coast, he knew he wanted to go there, for he had heard that on the west coast the hustlers made a hundred dollars a score, they surfed, and slept with movie stars. He was determined that once he got to the west coast he'd be all right. Everything would be different then!

As he walked down the street he was aware that a man had just passed him, giving him 'the eye'. He turned and observed that the man was now walking in his direction. He slowed his pace and stopped to pretend he was looking in a drug store window. The man stopped also.

"Where are you headed?" the man inquired.

"Just killing time." Billy responded.

"How about coming up to my room?"

Billy looked at him. "How much?"

"I have only two dollars on me." the man responded."

"Let's go ..."

GREGG

Gregg arrived in the big town and was alarmed when he suddenly discovered his money was all gone. Fortunately he had a nice room, which was paid for, for the month. He still had his four suits.

The first night without money had been hell. He remembered the man who had followed him and later propositioned him. He went with the man and submitted to his advances, doing everything to please the man, and he was stunned when the man finally admitted that he had only four dollars on him. Gregg was tempted to paste him in the face, for he felt that he had done things which he had never wanted to do, and the man had made a sucker of him. However, he took the four dollars and departed.

After that, Gregg promised himself that he would never again get in that predicament. If he was going to hustle, he was going to make a business of it. His father had always told him "If you're going to do anything, do the best job you can, or don't do it at all!" This then became the youth's credo.

He learned where the wealthy queens gathered, dressed in his best clothes, walked down to the bar and sat at the bar near the door so that every queen who entered the place would not fail to see him.

It had almost become a nightly custom with him. Then for awhile he had dropped out of view. Some of the patrons had asked the bartender if he knew where Gregg was. No one knew, his disappearance was a mystery.

Then, one night, a year later, Gregg reappeared at the bar. He was still well dressed, only this time his clothes were tailored for him, hand sewn, the fabrics had been carefully selected to fit his features and personality, he was meticulously fitted.

"I'm doing real well . . ." he told the bartender. "I met a rich guy in here. He took me to Europe, and now he's keeping me. He just bought me a Mercedes, and I couldn't be happier."

"You're smart!" the bartender agreed.

"I wouldn't be if a bastard djdn't give me four dollars."

Alex looked at the guys aroun dhim and grinned.

"I'm telling you, man, those queers will pay through the nose when I'm around."

"You must be some kind of a faggot, yourself if they all go for you. You know how they are, they gossip, and those guys who do everything for them are the ones' that's most popular." Another interjected, snidely, "You must be putting out for them, you must have a pussy."

"I've got your pussy swinging." Alex responded quickly.

"I didn't know you had hemorrhoids." the youth shot back, to the delighted laughter of the others.

Alex was upset that the men didn't believe him.

"Why, I've been on the hustle and one queen bought me a gol dwatch one time." He glanced around and when he was satisfied that no one doubted him, he continued his monologue. "You can go all through life hustling. Why work when you can make it on the hustle?" he inquired.

"You look like you made a big success of it." Another shot at him.

"I'll bet you I can make out quicker and better than any of you here. In fact, any of you can get a nine to five job, and at the end of the week I'll bet I earn more money than any of you!" He grinned, "And yet, you don't even have to report it to Uncle Sam for taxes!" He felt that he had now added the frosting.

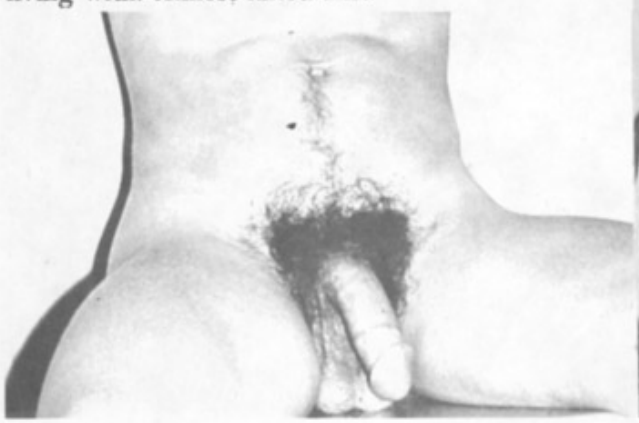
"Say Alex . . ." his buddy teased him, aware that everyone was listening.

Alex looked at him.

"What are you here in prison for, anyway?"

There was a silence.

"He's in here for beating up the queer he was living with. Almost killed him!"



PIETRO

Pietro was young and sensitive. He had an early career on the stage and enjoyed life. He had always wanted to be an actor.

When there was a casting call for a new movie which was to be based on a recent best seller, Pietro knew that he wanted the role of the son of the Homosexual. When he had read the book, he immediately wished that he could play the part, for he imagined what his performance would really be like.

The youth hurried to studio, anxious to try out for the role. His agent had set up the appointment.

The test, however, had turned out to be a complete flop, for he was nervous, the actors who had assisted him were terrible, and nothing seemed to go right.

Disappointed, the youth returned home and locked himself in his room. That night, with courage mustered, the boy climbed into his Yamaha and headed for the Hollywood hills. He knew that Gregori Yannov, the director lived there. He wanted to talk to the man.

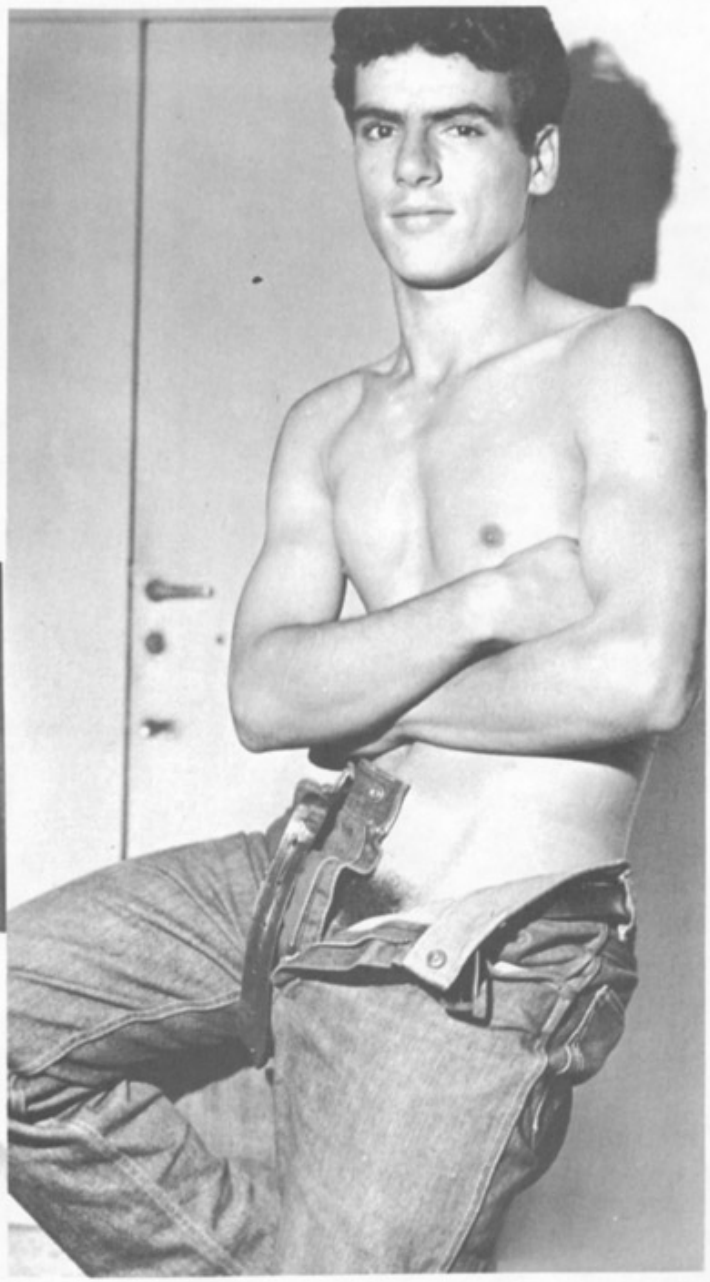
Several hours later when he finally located the director's house, he dismounted from the cycle, leaning it against a tree, hidden from the road, and walked around the great estate. He was determined to have another try at the test. He felt that he deserved it, for the role was *him* and no one else could play it as well as he! He was determined!

As he crept around the well manicured lawn, he sought refuge in the high hedges near the building. He spotted the director near the pool.

The rest is history. The youth spent the night with the director, and after a session in bed with the handsome boy, the director was convinced that no one else would fit the part as well as Pietro.

Pietro's Academy Award for the role proved that both the boy and the man were correct in their assumptions.

Gregori loved the boy more, now that they were living together.



GRAFFITTI

Just as our archaeologists and their students excavate the caves and the ruins of prehistoric cities to decipher and transcribe what was written on the walls of the ruins, so will it be thousands of years from now when the students of that future day will try to locate the lavatories of our time to find the scriptures there. Some of the cleverest wit of our times is to be found on the public walls in our buildings today.

Some of those which instantly come to mind are:

On a lavatory wall in Norfolk, Virginia, a disgruntled sailor scrawled **If God gave the world an enema he'd shove the syringe in Norfolk!**

Another illiterate scrawled **I dig grils.**

Beneath it someone tried to correct his spelling **"It's girls you idiot!"**

Underneath that someone cleverly added **"What about us grils?"**

These lavatory penmen discuss sex, politics and whatever else happens to be disturbing them!

One wit wrote, invitingly **I'm 10½ inches long and 3 inches wide.**

His boastful claim brought back the answer **"How nice — and how big is your dick?"**

They stop nowhere — they like to add their **amens** on subway signs as well. One such sign proclaimed **"I got my job through the New York Times"** to which one wit added **"So did Castro!"**

Then there are the other quips which reflect some envy

"Elizabeth Taylor is a lesbian"
"Hugh Hefner is a virgin"
"Mary Poppins smokes pot"
"Hell's Angels Use Training Wheels"
"Fidel Castro is really Adolf Hitler in drag!"

So they go **ad infinitum.** There is the story of one such penman, upon hearing that one of his favorite building was being demolished, arranged with the wrecking company to buy the favorite marble wall in the lavatory. He had the wall cleaned, leaving all the scratched etchings (glory hole, as well) and made a cocktail table with it, and it is indeed the talk of his companions, as well it should be!

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